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THE

DUTT FAMILY ALBUM

'Not oaks alone are trees, nor roses flowers,
Much humble wealth makes rich this world of ours'

LEIGH HUNT.

THE

DUTT FAMILY ALBUM

16933
ae

'I liken thy outgoing, O my book,
To the impatience of a little brook,
Which might with flowers have lingered pleasantly,
Yet toils to perish in the mighty sea.'

TRENCH.

LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1870

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

PREFACE

THE WRITERS of the following pages are aware that bad poetry is intolerable, and that mediocre poetry deserves perhaps even a harsher epithet. There is a glut of both in the market. But they venture on publication, not because they think their verses good, but in the hope that their book will be regarded, in some respects, as a curiosity. They are foreigners, natives of India, of different ages, and in different walks of life, yet of one family, in whom the ties of blood relationship have been drawn closer by the holy bond of Christian brotherhood. As foreigners educated out of England, they solicit the indulgence of British critics to poems which on these grounds alone may, it is hoped, have some title to their attention.

January 13, 1870.

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THE

DUTT FAMILY ALBUM.

HOME.

No picture from the master hand
  Of Gainsborough or Cuyp may vie
With that which at my soul's command
  Appears before mine inward eye
In foreign climes when doomed to roam—
Its scene my own dear native home.

What though no cloud-like hills uprear
  Their serried heights sublime afar!
What though the ocean be not near,
  With wave and wind in constant war!
Nor rock nor sea could add a grace,
So perfect seems the hallowed place.

Casuarinas in solemn range
  At distance look like verdant hills,
And winds draw from them music strange,
  Such as the tide makes when it fills
Some shingle-strown and land-girt bay
From men and cities far away.

And round, as far as eye can reach
What vivid piles of foliage green!
Mango and shaddock, plum and peach,
And palms like pillars tall between:
An emerald sea surrounds the nest,
A sea for ever charmed in rest.

What roses blossom on the lawn!
What warblers on the bamboo boughs,
Lithe and elastic, swing at dawn,
And pour their orisons and vows!
What dew upon the greensward lies!
How lovingly look down the skies!

And at high noon when every tree
Stands brooding on its round of shade,
And cattle to the shelter flee
And there, in groups recumbent laid,
Gaze ruminant—what deep repose
Lies on the landscape as it glows!

But most at evening's gentle hour
The reign of Peace is clearly read,—
In the blue mists which hail her power,
Pavilions rich and banners spread,—
While 'mid the hush is heard the tone
Of night's sweet minstrel—hers alone.

As star by star leaps out above,
As twilight deepens into night,
As round me cluster those I love,
And eye meets eye in glances bright,
I feel that earth itself may be
Lit up with heaven's own radiancy.

LINES

WRITTEN SOME TIME AFTER.

The glory of the scene hath fled,
  The light no more invests the place,
Wherefore appears thus nature dead?
  And whence the darkness on her face?
Where are the rainbow colours fair,
And the bright throne of Peace—oh, where?

Well said the poet when he sung
  'A kingdom is to me my mind,'
The shadow of one sorrow flung
  Athwart it, makes this change unkind.
Gone are those love-reflecting eyes
That made the scene a paradise.

Well, be it so. We have on earth
  No city for continuous stay;
As children of the second birth
  We seek another far away;
Nor, with our hands upon the plough,
Dare we look back and break our vow.

And is it sin to contemplate
  That when the final goal we gain
Some visions of this earthly state
  May full maturity attain,
The links now broken then be bound,
The pearls here scattered there be found?

THE SOUTHERN WIND.

Breathe o'er me, gentle Spirit of the South,
For I have laboured through the weary day,
And lift the light curls as in wanton play
From *his* fair forehead, that with rosy mouth

Half open, waits to welcome and to bless
Thee, thou restorer of his health, as mine;
And now runs forward as to catch the sound,
The glorious sound of thy far-spreading wing
And now in weariness,
Displeased with thee, delayer, turns to twine
His smooth white arms with child-like fondness round
The neck to which he loves and joys to cling.

Lo! the first star of eve is on the sky,
The first fair star which poets love to praise,
And which was worshipped in the elder days,
As well it might have been—for throned on high
In the blue arch of heaven, the firmament,
It seems a jewel on the hidden brow
Of some good spirit, placed by God's behest,
To keep a watch upon the land and sea,
And on his trust intent.
And yet, O breeze of evening, where art thou?
Thou that wert ever eager to contest
Which should come first at evening's revelry.

The bat, that on the cypress all day long
Tenaciously had clung, now quits the tree,
And through the blue air hastens silently
To distant groves the river's marge along,
Where on their slender pillars cluster thick
The ripened betel-nuts; the busy crow
Faint and o'erwearied, seeks its twig-built nest
In the huge banyan's wilderness of leaves;
And nature, tired and sick,
Longs for thy presence and thy music low,
And yet thou ridest on the ocean's breast
And reck'st not, in thy pleasure, that she grieves.

What keeps thee from us? Wherefore this delay?
The rose is yearning for thee, holding up

With a reproachful air her incense-cup,
And the pale lotus wafts in sighs away
Her virgin heart, and that still paler flower,
The eldest born of eve, and fairest far
Of all her children, which unbidden blooms
In every thicket where the queen of night
Pours forth her golden shower,
Hangs down her head in sorrow, like a star
New-fallen on earth and mourning 'mid its glooms
For regions, where it dwelt, of endless light.

The shades of evening deepen. Veil on veil
Falls on the landscape. Rising from the stream,
Whose sluggish waters now more sluggish seem,
Faint mists—as faint as gauze—on ether sail
And spread their haze the palms' tall plumes around,
On which the fireflies sparkle. Silence steals
Where late the feverish pulse of life beat high—
A silence that expects thee, bids thee speed,
A silence most profound!
And now the rising moon the tank reveals
Where cattle drank: its waveless waters lie
Reflecting but the sky and bending reed.

Hark! from the distant roofs the Bramin's bell!
That well-known summoner with its silver tone.
Again—again—canst thou that spell disown
And linger yet upon the billow's swell?
No! no! I hear thee rustling 'mid the boughs,
Weary of earth thou sought'st the restless sea,
But back returnest—yes, thou com'st at last
Like a kind angel on a mission kind;
I feel thee on my brows,
And my heart leaps to greet and welcome thee,
Thou that recallest with thy voice the past,
And giv'st new life to body and to mind.

LINES.

Oh, wretched, trembling soul! before the Lord
How wilt thou go?
Trusting implicitly in *His* faithful word,
Whose truth I know.

Wilt thou not fear when all that was within
Shall laid be bare?
Cleanseth the blood of Christ from every sin,
And He will spare.

Thy fretted leprosy—for 'tis no less—
Must all behold?
The wedding garment of His righteousness
Shall me enfold.

Art thou with death no longer then at strife
Strong in thy faith?
I am the Resurrection and the Life,
Is what He saith.

And what boon cravest thou, about to flit
From earth to heaven?
Much may I love, like her of whom 'twas writ
Much was forgiven.

CHARADE.

Home bounded little Edward,
With loud and joyous cries,
The rose-red deepened on his cheeks
And triumph lit his eyes.
In breathless haste, with beating heart,
To his mother he did run—
'Oh, mother, mother, give me joy,
For the treasure I have won!'

'What is it, little Edward?'
She drew him to her knee,—
'What golden treasure hast thou found,
Now show it unto me.'
''Tis neither gold nor jewel rare,'
Th' exulting boy replied,
Forth from his breast *my whole* he drew,
And gazed on it with pride.

'Oh, naughty little Edward!
I did not know thy heart
Would prompt thee to such cruel deed,
To play the spoiler's part:
Look how the captive trembles,
Look how it pants afraid,
And in its eyes, so clear and bright,
What anguish is portrayed!'

She took *my whole* upon *my first*
And smoothed *my second's* plume,
Then, rising from the silken couch,
She gently left the room.
Upon the velvet lawn she stood
And set the captive free,
'Go speed,' she said, 'and join thy mate,
Who mourning waits for thee.'

Then turning to the little boy,
Who blushed with shame behind,
She kissed and held him to her breast,
And said in accents kind,
'My child, a prison life to all
Is full of bitter woe,
Remember, God's most precious gift
Is freedom here below.'

SONNET.

'God seeth all' the Hebrew psalmist taught.
How dreadful that the Just and Holy One
Scans every moment what our hands have done,
Our hearts have nursed, our wayward feet have sought!
Yet to the precious few who have been bought
With the dear Blood of His Eternal Son,
Who the white robe of righteousness have won,
Oh, heart-assuring and consoling thought!
Whate'er their guilt, whate'er their deeds have been,
Firm rests their faith on Him, nor fears to fall,
Though oft the accuser comes, unwatched, unseen,
To prompt a doubt, they feel God seeth all;
Deliberate is the love that deems them clean,
Without repentance are the gifts and call.

SONNET.

(AT THIRTY-FIVE.)

The days of our years are three score years and ten.—PSALM xc. 10.

As visions sweet of old familiar trees,
Of English downs with sheepcotes sprinkled o'er,
Of toddling children by the school-house door,
Greet the lone whaler on Canadian seas,
What time, his cruise complete, the freshening breeze
Veers round his wave-worn bark for Albyn's shore,
And, though the surf chides loud off Labrador,
Awaken tender hopes, keen sympathies,
Even so sweet dreams of friends in raiment white
My spirit greet, though anxious fears chide near,
Dreams of great mansions warm with love and light,
Of golden harps and palms and waters clear,
Of angel heads bent meekly down to pray:
Life's ship has veered! I sail for home to-day!

SONNET.

Should I feel faint if in a neighbour's field
The good seed of the Word bears hundredfold,
Or if the talent which in trust we hold
In skilful hands ten times its value yield?
I know not, but my lowly heart is steeled
Against all rivalry: I am not bold
In merit's race: my sins are manifold.
Be Thou, O Lord, the weak one's strength and shield!
Like the broad cistern can the cup brim o'er,
And he who gained two pounds rejoicing went
To share Christ's bliss, with him who passed before.
Small though the increase be which God has sent
In mercy to my field and treasure store,
I rest secure in hope and calm content.

THE CHIEF OF POKURNA.

(VIDE TOD'S 'ANNALS OF RAJASTHAN,' vol. i. p. 188.)

Within the merry greenwood,
At dawning of the day,
Four-and-twenty armèd men
In silent ambush lay.
They wait like couchant leopards,
Their eager eyes they strain,
And look towards the lonely glade,
Towards the distant plain.
Naught see they but the golden corn
Slow-waving in the sun,
Naught see they but the misty hills
And uplands bare and dun.
The rustle of the forest leaves,
The trampling of the deer,
The chirp of birds upon the boughs,
Are all the sounds they hear.

But hark! they catch the thrilling notes
Of a distant bugle horn
Come pealing through the wild ravine,
By the morning breezes borne:
Lower they stooped, and anxiously
Their laboured breath they drew,
And clutched their brands with nervous hands—
Their quarry is in view,
Attended by a single squire,
Slow riding up the glen,
Unconscious that his path's beset
By armed and desperate men;
A brave gerfalcon on his wrist,
The bugle on his breast,
The sunlight gleaming brightly on
His nodding plume and crest.

Not clad in steel, from head to heel
In satin rich arrayed,
With his trusty sword, Pokurna's lord
Is riding through the glade.
To see his falcon proudly soar
And strike, he comes so far;
In peaceful guise he rideth on,
Nor dreams of blood or war.
All sudden from their ambush
The treacherous foemen rose,
With vengeful eyes and glittering arms,
With spears and bended bows:
And ere the chief could draw his blade,
They hemmed him darkly round,
And plucked him from his frightened steed,
And bore him to the ground.

The king sat on a gorgeous throne,
All rough with ruddy gold,

Begirt with many a haughty peer,
And warriors stern and bold;
With many a vassal-prince around,
For they had come from far,
To pay their homage to their lord,
The sovereign of Marwar.
With fetters on his manly hands,
Within that hostile ring,
With dauntless look the chief appeared
Before his angry king,
For he had often vaunted thus,
In public and alone,
'Within my dagger's sheath I hold
This kingdom's royal throne.'

Before his angry king he stood,
The king he had defied,
Nor quailed he 'neath that princely glance
Nor vailed his brow of pride;
Though bent on him were fiery eyes,
And looks of rage and hate,
He stood as calm as if he were
Within his castle gate.
The monarch spoke, his words rung out
In accents stern and clear,
'Ha! traitor, insolent and keen,
At last we have thee here;
Where now are all thy boastings vain,
Amidst thy men of war?
Say, where is now the sheath which holds
The fortunes of Marwar?'

Oh! grimly turned Pokurna's lord,
And loud and long laughed he,
Then waved his hand towards the prince
And answered loftily:

'I left it with my gallant son,
Within Pokurna's hall;
Tremble, false prince, for sure he will
Avenge his father's fall!'
The monarch's swarthy cheeks grew pale,
The lightning filled his eye:
'And dar'st thou, rebel, even here,
Thy sovereign lord defy?
Ho, soldiers! drag the traitor out,
And ere the close of day
Let his foul carcase feed the dogs
Upon the public way.'

Oh! gaily in a golden shower
The setting sunlight falls
Upon the waste of glinting sand
Which girds Pokurna's walls.
The warder paced the battlements,
With heavy steps and slow,
And from within arose a cry,
A wail of grief and woe.
There noble dames shed heart-wrung tears,
And rent their glossy hair,
And cried aloud for him, the dead,
And beat their bosoms bare.
And cursed with bitter, bitter words
The prince at whose command
Was foully slain their noble chief,
The bravest in the land.

Far different was the scene within
That castle's ancient hall,
Where, 'neath the glorious banners
Which graced the blackened wall,
Five hundred mailèd warriors
And chiefs of high emprise

Around their youthful leader stood,
With stern yet moistened eyes.
They bared at once their shining blades
And lifted them on high,
And swore a deep and deadly oath
To avenge their lord or die.
Full well their solemn oath they kept
In many a mortal fray,
And sorely rued that haughty prince
The deed he did that day.

MY WORLD IS DEAD.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GAUDY.)

Maple leaves are softly swaying
In the breeze's wanton play,
Droops upon its stalk the Iris,
Fainting 'neath the ardent ray.

Like the eye of bashful maiden,
Blooms the rosebud bright and red:
Buds, and sprouts, and blooms fair nature—
But my world, my world is dead!

To my heart there comes a whisper,
See, the spring returns again,
Comes it not with love rekindled,
Hope of pleasures free from pain?

Dreams and joys of love and gladness
Spring in other hearts may shed,
Holy balm anew and rapture—
But my world, my world is dead!

THE LAST TEMPLE.

(EPHESIANS II. 20–22.)

Shall God indeed with mortal creatures dwell,
  He whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain?
So prayed the awe-struck king of Israel,
  When the Shekinah was revealèd plain.

And twice the temple hath been built since then:
  By Cyrus once, the 'anointed'* from above,
And once again by Herod;—such to men
  Hath been the favour of eternal love.

But the last temple, greatest of them all,
  Groweth in beauty yet by day and night,—
As God-constructed, it shall never fall,
  As God-enlightened, it shall need no light.

Vast as creation, lovely as a bride,
  Beyond all sight in loftiness it towers,
And human reason can but cower and hide
  Before a majesty that overpowers.

Oh, holy temple of the Holy One,
  May I be built up in thee by His grace,
Who thy foundation is and corner-stone,
  And to each fragment gives its fitting place.

WORDSWORTH'S POEMS.

(See Preface to 'The Excursion.')

This volume is a Gothic church—no less,
  And every separate poem but a part
  Of a great edifice, built with rarest art,
A cell, or oratory, or carved recess,

* Isaiah xlv. 1.

Or but a simple leaf-wreath winding round
A marble pillar, in the sombre light,
Or an emblazoned window flashing bright,
Fair in itself, but fairest where 'tis found;
Each delicately symmetrical—but the whole
Ravishing with loveliness the 'prisoned' soul.

The labour of a lifetime, and the work
Of one inspired, the prophet of his age.
What deep philosophy and experience sage
And tender sympathies here retirèd lurk
In simplest verses. Oh, beloved book!
With thee and but one other, which to name
Even with thee would matter be for blame,
Contented could I glide o'er life's calm brook
Until it mingle with the mighty sea,
And time be swallowed in eternity.

Nor deem this praise extravagant or strange,
For without travel here I have its joys,
And sitting by my hearth where naught annoys,
O'er hills and oceans by these spells I range.
Is it not grand to see Helvellyn rear
Its lofty summit to the azure sky,
Or mark the lake below faint-gleaming lie,
A mirror for all objects far and near,
Bare rocks, and woods arrayed in vivid green,
And cheerful homesteads through the foliage seen?

And should an English landscape ever pall,
With all its wide diversity of hills
And trees and waters, lo! the fresh breèze fills
Our swelling canvas at the Poet's call!
Where shall we wander? In the fields of France?
Or classic Italy's wave-saluted shores?

Or dearer Scotland's barren heaths and moor
Or Staffa's natural temple, where in trance
One shadowy beings may behold? Command,—
All wait the movement of the enchanter's wand.

Hail, ye Rydalian laurels that have grown
Untended by the Poet's calm abode,
And in the footpaths that he often trod
Wrapt in deep thought, at evening time, alone.
No Delphic wreath he wanted, when he found
Nature unveiled in all her loveliness;
But these wild leaves and wilder flowers that bless
Our 'common earth' he prayed for, and she bound
His brows therewith; and see, they never fade,
A crown of amaranth by her own hands made.

THE TWO VOICES.

(VIDE AUBERLEN'S 'DANIEL' IN SAPHIR'S TRANSLATION, pp. 198–232.)

First Voice.

The day hath dawned, the light dispels the gloom,
The earth from bitter slavery is free;
The barren wilderness begins to bloom
Like fertile gardens watered plenteously.

As imperceptibly as the bud expands,
Nature to spirit changes. Is this not
The fresh creation bursting through its bands,
That with a priceless ransom has been bought?

With ears and eyes shall we be deaf and blind,
Like Pharisees heedless of the signs we view,
When matter stoops subservient to mind,
And all things, as was promised, are made new?

Doth not impassive metal thought convey,
With lightning speed, from distant clime to clime,
And steam on storm-wings bear us swift away,
Alike triumphant over space and time?

By Jacob's ladder reaching to the skies,
See star-crowned science stepping down to man!
'Inheritor of heaven'—she says—'arise,
And air, earth, ocean, with my blessing span.'

Wealth, trade, arts, culture, born of general peace,
The federation of all nations far and near,
From Adam's curse here is the full release,
The consummation promised long is here.

Second Voice.

Oh, false philosophy in the dress of true!
Oh, poison sparkling up like cheerful wine!
We know thy source, or we should sadly rue;
Opposed is earthly wisdom to divine.

Man fashioned in the image of his God,
While in communion with his God he lives,
And treads the path the Son of Man had trod,
Performs the work that his Taskmaster gives.

But culture, valued as the highest thing,
And worshipped in an inner darkness dense,
Draws him away from God's protecting wing,
And this communion, to a life of sense.

World-consciousness—a love of praise and pelf,
And of the splendour that shall pass away,
Self-consciousness—a Godless love of self,
Enlarge and flourish under culture's sway.

But consciousness of God begins to wane,
And life in God to vanish like a dream;
Culture commenced among the sons of Cain;
In Nod appeared its first and faintest gleam.

Not that this culture in itself is vile,
But that its nature is distinct from grace.
Permitted—even willed—it hath its while,
A fleeting mission—but no lasting place.

Sin penetrates humanity, and sinks
Deeper, and deeper, as the centuries roll,
Corrupting and destroying all the links
That bound it once in one harmonious whole.

Nor can loud-vaunted culture ever stay
Its subtle progress, whereby all the world
Is ripening for the fearful Judgment-day,
When thereon sudden vengeance shall be hurled.

The movement of all history—age by age,
From nature to the highest culture, falls
Within the sphere of flesh, and flesh must wage
War with the Spirit long as flesh enthrals.

The serpent first announced in Paradise
That man to highest knowledge should attain
Without God's help;—nay, God opposed—be wise,
And this proud height he ever seeks to gain.

Ah! without judgment can the world be changed?
And without cross transfigured fallen man?
All—all must be destroyed,—not rearranged,
This is the word, plain spoken, of His plan.

First Voice.

And is it true that man is sinking down
Lower and lower, with the lapse of time?
It cannot be. Is not the Christian's crown
Beloved and reverenced in every clime?

Is not the Gospel preached? And stands not truth
Firm as a rock amid the raging wave?
Is not the earth rekindling into youth?
And knowledge stretching out her arms to save?

Look at the miracles by science wrought,
Their reach, their scope, their tendency and power;
The progress everywhere! the march of thought!
And humbly own at last hath dawned the hour.

Second Voice.

Not by the power nor by the might of man,
But by My Spirit—and by that alone!
What man hath toiled for since the world began,
Shall to the uttermost be overthrown.

Lo! all the triumphs of these latter days
Of which we vaunt, shall be destroyed with fire;
Then shall arise the pealing hymn of praise,
The hymeneal of the white-robed choir.

Nor can we to the present times conform
Without forsaking Him whose truth we know,
For these are evil times, preceding storm
And strong convulsions, and the birthpang's throe.

Essentially a heathenish age—an hour
When he that hath been called the Prince of Air
Is mightiest, and exerteth all his power,
Like fires that, ere they perish, sudden flare.

It may be that the Church of God may make
The worldly reflex, that alas! we see,
More like the wond'rous dayspring that shall break
The glorious kingdom of all prophecy.

Only—like madmen let us never dream
She interrupts the silent secret march
Of the world kingdom—till we see the beam
Blush in the orient of the azure arch.

Not to whole nations—not to all the earth,
But to each single soul the Lord looks now,
And at each brand new-plucked—at each new birth,
The angels in the heavens their joy avow.

Enough for us to know this solemn thing—
For me, and, listener, thee, His bowels yearn—
Enough to know and wait: the day shall spring
That ushers in the Bridegroom's sure return.

SONNET.

Keep me apart in safe obscurity,
In closest covert hide my lowly nest,
And guide my footsteps, kindest Lord and best,
Through desert places to the realms on high,
For otherwise, so weak and frail am I,
Vain aims, ambitious hopes, shall cross my breast,
And I shall harbour schemes that breed unrest,
Forget Thy Name, and worldward drift and die.
In mercy grant no pitying face but Thine
To cheer my trembling soul in solitude,
And let the Life of Life in me and mine,
When clouds and darkness o'er the pathway brood,
Unnoticed burn, as burns at eve's decline
The hermit's taper in a pathless wood.

SONNET.

(ON THE FLY-LEAF OF ALFORD'S NEW TESTAMENT.)

The shepherds then gave them the glass to look: and they looked and saw something like the gate, and also some of the glory of the place.—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Long had we roamed with footsteps faint and frail,
To reach the land of joy and love and light;
The wilderness was drear, and dark the night,
Sheep-track and ford lay wrapt in vapours pale;
The floods had risen, and with an angry wail
Swept chafing over roots and boulders white;
The lightning's gleam but mocked the aching sight,
And doleful murmurs filled the blustering gale.
Dear Guide, in seasonable hour thy lore,
Like the clear glass by wondering Christian seen,
Revealed the cheerful trees that shadow o'er
Beulah's trim orchard walks—the path serene
Of crystal waters, and the city door,
With dome and minaret crowned and foliage green.

THE MAID OF ROOPNAGORE.

The Emperor Aurungzebe, in the height of his power, made an offer of marriage to the Princess of Roopnagore, who haughtily rejected his suit, saying, that she would rather renounce the throne of her ancestors than be allied to an infidel.—SEIR MUTAQUERIN.

Hear how the maid of Roopnagôre
Disdained the friendship of the Moor,
When forth by royal hest there came,
With peers and paladins of fame,
A gay young lordling of degree,
The pride of Moslem chivalry,
To win her from her father's side,
To be a Kaffir sovereign's bride.

'Go back, Sir Knight,' she sternly said,
While maiden shame her cheeks dyed red,
'Go back and say, for gems and gold,
For lordly Delhi's guarded hold,

For power, for state, for lands in fee,
An odalisque I ne'er will be,
Nor faith and troth will coldly sell
To him who is an infidel.

'The dun-deer on the mountain's side
May with the panther be allied;
Compelled by bleak December's weather,
The owl and lark may house together;
Or yet by spring inspired the dove
May seek the hawk's protecting love;
But Roopnagore in weal and woe
Shall ever deem the Moor a foe.

'In rich brocade, and jewels sheen,
Rather than shine the Moslem's queen,
Rather than greet a fratricide,
I'd be a simple shepherd's bride,
And take as readily my share
Of rustic toil and rustic care,
As ever lowly Rajpoot swain,
On Mewar's still romantic plain.'

LOVE AND DEATH.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF LACHAMBAUDI.)

Once upon a sunny day,
Death and Cupid went their way;
Each with quiver full, and bow
Ready strung, did laughing go.
And when night's dark wing was spread
Over vale and mountain's head,
O'er the tall trees' feathery crest—
Tired—they laid them down to rest,
Leaving pell-mell on the green
Their bended bows and arrows keen.

Morn was now upon the sky,
And the cold winds hurried by.
By mistake, as they arose
(Source of bitter tears and woes),
Death, with some of Cupid's darts,
Upon his errand swift departs;
Cupid had some of Death's, and they,
Without this knowledge, went their way.

Therefore to this very time,
In every age, in every clime,
Sometimes when Death his dart prepares
For wrinkled Age bent low with cares,
Instead of death upon its wings,
Love and life to him it brings.
Sometimes, too, when ruddy youth,
In all his innocence and truth,
Prays to the little god in heart
That he might aid him with his art,
His prayers are heard—his eyes grow dim,
The shafts of love bring death to him!

STANZAS.

When the spring-tide of youth has departed,
With its sunshine and soft fragrant breath,
And we wander alone—broken-hearted,
In this vale of the shadow of death;

And we think of the hopes that have perished,
Of the joys of our life's early day,
Of the dear ones so fondly we cherished,
Who have passed from this cold world away;

Of the peace which for ever is banished,
And faded and fled from our view,
Of the hours—so misspent—that have vanished
Ah! how little their value we knew!—

Then our bosoms are racked with an anguish,
And a pain which we ne'er felt before,
And we sorrow in ashes and languish
For the time that returneth no more.

LINES.

(WRITTEN WHILE ON A VISIT TO KALIGHAT.)

They know full well that God hath said
Thou shalt not bend in fear
To stock, nor stone, nor carvèd thing,
Nor ever to their altars bring
The first fruits of the year.

Still grim Idolatry with pomp,
O'er India's realm doth reign;
For still its fell and baneful power
Is owned in palace, hut, and bower,
In city, town, and plain.

Where'er we turn we see them rise,
Those temples huge and grand,
To hideous idols consecrate:
Alas for man's degraded state!
Oh, woe to this fair land!

But most they fear that goddess dread,
Reeking with blood and wine,
And prince and peasant trembling bring
Their rich or humble offering
To her ensanguined shrine.

The farmer, ere he sallies forth
To reap his waving field,
The diver, ere he goes to brave
The dangers of the treacherous wave,
To her their homage yield.

The traveller, by his guide despoiled,
Belated and betrayed,
As night with darkness brings despair.
And unknown sounds are in the air,
In awe invokes her aid.

Her dreaded name is shouted high
Where deepens most the fray,
It nerves the warrior's wearied hand
To wield anew the flashing brand,
And join the wild mêlée.

Great God, tho' *all* may not have heard,
Still *many* know Thy name,
And tho' Thy bounties they receive,
Yet recklessly Thy path they leave,
And glory in their shame.

Woe, woe to this devoted land,
Woe to this erring race,
That thus the evil way they choose,
And with hard wilful hearts refuse
Thy proffered Love and Grace.

But Thou art merciful, O Lord,
And Thou alone canst save:
Oh, let the day-spring clear arise,
Oh, open Thou their blinded eyes,
Send freedom to the slave.

THE HULEH LILY.

(IN 'THE LAND AND THE BOOK,' BY DR. THOMSON.)

They glow on Tabor's northern base
Among the oak-wood's gloom,
The hills of Nazareth they grace,
And there shed soft perfume.

The traveller as in scenes he strayed,
Where once the infant Saviour played,
With joy descried their bloom:
At once to him they stood revealed,
These are 'the lilies of the field.'

Like clustered stars—like angel bands
In dazzling beauty bright,
They in the sacred land of lands
Reflect the noonday light.
Large,—with three petals, as in love,
Springing within, to meet above,—
Each flower appears to sight
A gorgeous canopy of state
Which art may never imitate.

Beneath such rich embroidered pall
The fairy king might sit,
While round him throng his courtiers all,
And swinging lamps are lit,
And moonlight glances on the rills,
And bathes the summits of the hills,
And o'er the landscape flit
The shadows of the swaying boughs—
Fantastic fancy this allows.

But earthly king may never own,
However great his power,
The lavish glory that is strown
Upon this simple flower.
He said, who loveliness decrees,
'Not Solomon like one of these
Was robed in triumph's hour;'
And still His lessons they impart,
In silence, to the silent heart.

'Your Father knoweth what ye need,
Why take ye anxious thought?
If us He clothe, if birds He feed,
Will He assist you not?
Seek ye His kingdom first, and know,
All other blessings free shall flow
Upon ye, though unsought;
Sufficient unto every day
Its evil is,'—these flowers still say.

And more—'As all our loveliness
Unfoldeth from within,
Drawn by the sun,—must yours no less,
For we are here akin;
No outward honours can adorn,
Your real glories must be born
In natures cleansed from sin,
Beneath the true Sun's genial beam
That on you ever loves to stream.'

VIZAGAPATAM.

Down went the anchor and the ship stood fast,
Rocking upon the billows, while around
Wheeled the white sea-birds, rising with the blast,
Or skimming lightly o'er the depth's profound,
White, oh! how white, beneath the morning ray,
Like fitful snowflakes 'mid the ocean-spray.

The hills down-sloping to the ocean's edge
With verdure smooth were covered to their tops;
Clumps of tall trees o'ershadowed many a ledge,
And coffee-plants displayed their berry crops;
And spanning all like God's embracing love,
Sublime and stainless, hung the sky above.

Villas and houses gleamed from many a peak,
  Or peeped through trees that hid them from the sight,
Like shamefast maidens beautiful and meek;
  And temples rose with banners streaming bright
And burnished spires; and humble peasant huts
Circled by slender palms and betel-nuts.

And some abodes to memory might bring home
  That vision of the poet's fancy born,
His 'magic casements opening on the foam
  Of perilous seas, in faëry lands forlorn.'
These close but high,—might almost feel the shock
Of the wild surges breaking on the rock.

Oh, what a sight of varied loveliness!
  What hills! what skies! what piles of foliage green!
Is there a spot which Nature deigns to bless
  With such profusion as this woodland scene?
The fairest flowerets here perennial glow!
The freshest breezes here for ever blow!

Thought uncontrolled erratic ever flies,
  And he that writes mused idly,—Can this be
Our long-lost, not forgotten Paradise?
  When lo! he started from his trance to see,
Where o'er the hills the devious footpath led,
A long and sad procession bear the dead.

THE HINDU CONVERT TO HIS WIFE.

Nay, part not so—one moment stay,
  Repel me not with scorn.
Like others, wilt thou turn away,
  And leave me quite forlorn?

Wilt thou too join the scoffing crowd,
The cold, the heartless, and the proud,
  Who curse the hallowed morn,
When, daring idols to disown,
I knelt before the Saviour's throne?

It was not thus, in former hours,
  We parted or we met;
It was not thus, when Love's young flowers
  With hope and joy were wet.
That kindling cheek, averted eye,
That heaving breast and stifled sigh,
  Attest thy feelings yet.
It was not thus, reserved and cold,
Like strangers, that we met of old.

Remember, love, thy sacred vow,
  Ah, once so dear to thee!
Then part, as thou wert parting now:
  Then—then abandon me.
Remember how we often strayed,
Cheek touching cheek, where none surveyed
  Beneath the banyan tree;
And swore (Love witnessed us) to bide,
In life or death, still side by side.

Canst thou forget the grief and joy,
  In fond affection shared,
The day that beamed upon our boy,
  The brief months he was spared
To bless us with his cheering light:
The sullen, rayless, stormy night,
  When Death his weapon bared,
And laid beneath his savage blow
Our fondest hopes and wishes low?

Canst thou forget how, sick and sad,
We sauntered by the stream,
Which o'er its pebbles murmured glad
Beneath the lunar beam?
Canst thou forget how, all apart,
We heard each other's beating heart,
And summoned many a dream,
Too bright, too beautiful to last,
Back from the dim and shrouded past?

O ever-drooping eyes, whose glance
May lions wild subdue!
O star-crowned forehead's meek expanse!
O lips of coral hue!
O sable locks, that shade and deck
The marble of the swan-like neck,
Can ye continue true
While feelings change, and, tempest-tost,
Love strives awhile, and then is lost?

When others blamed, I was not grieved;
At others' scoff or jeer
My passive bosom never heaved,
Nor shed mine eyes a tear.
But thou, so trusted, cherished, proved,
So loving, and so dearly loved;
Thou, too, alas! to veer.
This scarce my swelling heart can bear,
This—this must drive me to despair!

Yet better thus;—the sinner's tear
Will reach the Holy throne,
Though he may meet no kindness here,
And weep—apart—alone.

When e'en a sparrow cannot fall
Unmarked by Him that cares for all,
  Will He not guard His own?
Friends may desert and foes oppress,
But He assuredly will bless.

At morn or eve whene'er I bend
  In grateful love the knee,
The words with swiftest wings ascend
  That form my prayer for thee.
May He whose accents raised the dead,
Who shone in darkness, and it fled,
  Thy Guide and Guardian be,
And kindling in thy breast the flame,
Constrain thee, love, to bless His Name.

SONNET.

O deem him not the sport of carking care,
  Or sullen humours, or distractions rude,
  A hardened wretch, upon whose bosom brood
Mistrustful pride, and leaden-eyed despair,
Who lays in sorest straits his counsels bare
  To God alone; who covets solitude—
  Whose soul disdains, with stubborn hardihood,
The amaranth crown with mortal help to wear.
His are ripe hopes who waits on none save God,
  And joys serene, undimmed by earthly stains.
I often see (rambling at eve abroad
  In golden autumn, over hills and plains)
Pure waters well in clefts, which men ne'er trod,
  And luscious berries lurk in lonely lanes.

SONNET.

(KHAN SAHIB'S HOUSE, NEAR COLLEGE SQUARE.)

A Persian's mansion, near the Vacool trees,
That bound the College green, with its array
Of Ethiop porters, oft in boyhood's day,
When Fancy wove the subtlest webs with ease,
Recalled the age when Sinbad ploughed the seas,
With bales of spicery from far Cathay.
It was a stately pile of granite grey,
With carved pilasters, and quaint balconies.
Exotic plants with gaudy blossoms starred
Its terraces; a marble dolphin flung,
In the wide court, a limpid column high;
The windows of the upper rooms were barred,
But through the lattice-work, with creepers hung,
Glanced now and then an arm, or lustrous eye.

ON AN OLD ROMAUNT.

When the night is dark and dreary, and the north wind whistles shrill,
And the snow storm drives in fury down the gorges of the hill,
Like the necromancer's mirror, when his magic perfumes burn,
Mocking Time, these curious volumes make the glorious Past return.

Fast as ripples on the river, or cloud-shadows on the grass,
As I read their quaint old pages, down my curtained chamber pass
Mitred priest, and hospitaller, armed and mounted for the fray,
Bands of bronzed condottieri, maidens fair as laughing May.

All that fancy loves to cherish, of the grand old feudal times,
Palmer guides, and weary pilgrims, wending home from distant climes,
Trembling Jews with jewel caskets, border chiefs who own no law,
Quivered bands of merry archers, mustered on the 'greenè shaw.'

Norman holds, embattled belfrys, gyves, and chains, and dungeons dim,
Winding stairs, and blazing beacons, ancient arms grotesque and grim,
Pensive nuns, in quest of simples, in the lonely midnight hour,
Adepts o'er alembics chanting uncouth rhymes of mystic power.

Foreign marts, Venetian Doges, bales of precious merchandise,
Stately streets in Flemish cities, burgher crowds in peaceful guise,
Mighty dukes by guards attended, foresters in kirtles green,
Silver fonts and flaring tapers, ladies sheathed in jewels' sheen.

Moorish forts in far Grenada, portals barred and turbans blue,
Gardens green as blissful Eden, crystal fountains fair to view,
Divans in the proud Alhambra, fairy mosques of Parian stone,
Groups of Moors and whiskered Spaniards, tilting round the Soldan's throne.

And enrapt I gaze in silence, like a child before a show,
Heedless in my joy and wonder, how the golden moments flow,
Till the cock's shrill ringing clarion breaks the spell and clears the air,
And I find me silent seated in my old accustomed chair.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

Three gallant youths sat drinking
Around the homely board;
The more they quaff'd, more bravely they
The generous nectar poured.

Out spake the first,—'Up to the brim
Fill, fill the goblets three;
My love whom I have left at home,
To her my toast shall be.

'She has dark eyes and raven hair,
Shape slender as the pine,
And freshly-glowing lips,—how oft
I've felt their touch divine.'

The glasses met, the ringing sound
So gladsome was and free,
As if it fain would travel far,
To greet her joyously!

'The sign is good,' with glist'ning eyes
The exulting youth did speak,—
'She's thinking now of me, and feels
My kisses on her cheek!'

Out spake the next,—'I too have left
My love in lonely bower;
Oh, oft with her in sport and jest
I've pass'd the weary hour.

'She has soft brown eyes and tresses,
Steps like the roe as light,
And voice as sweet as chiming bells
Rung from some upland height.'

The glasses met,—the ringing sound
So gladsome was and free,
As if it fain would travel far,
To greet her joyously!

'Ha!' cried the youth,—'the sign is good,
My girl to me is true,
She sings the song I taught her when
I spake the word "Adieu!"'

Out spake the third in accents low,—
'Me too a gentle one
Her heart has pledg'd,—I'll love her till
My life's last sand is run.

'She has blue eyes and golden locks,
As moonlight mild and fair,
No tongue can e'er pourtray the grace
Her angel-features wear.'

The glasses met,—with mournful jar
The third in fragments fell,—
Its quivering sound was that of woe,
They knew its meaning well.

The first two stood in silence there,
With looks to earth bent low,
The third bowed down his head, and fast
His bitter tears did flow.

And in the self-same hour was heard,
In his dear native vale,
The knell toll'd from the grey church tower,
The voice of grief and wail.

One only did not hear those sounds
Of weeping and of prayer,
Who slumber'd with a face as calm
As that which angels wear.

The mild blue eyes had lost their shine,
And, cull'd from her own bowers,
Upon her golden tresses lay
A wreath of buds and flowers!

CHARADE.

She stood before the altar there,
A blushing beauteous bride,
Like Rachel fairest of the fair,
Like Leah tender-eyed.
And gracefully *My First* she bent,
Where, mid a wealth of curls,
Reposed her only ornament,
My All of priceless pearls.

In gorgeous folds *My Second* streamed
Around her slender form,
And thro' it seen, as rose-buds beam'd
Her cheeks with colour warm.

The light of heaven was on her brow,
And in her timid eyes :—
O happy youth !—thrice happy thou,
To win such glorious prize.

THE HINDU WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

An English lady, visiting an odalisque, inquired what pleasure her profusion of rich ornaments could afford, as no person except her husband was ever to behold them. 'And for whom,' replied the fair barbarian, 'do *you* adorn yourself?—is it for other men?'—THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

Oh, not for strangers do I wear
The jewels in my flowing hair,
Nor yet for others' eyes array
My limbs in vestments rich and gay :
Nor wish that even friends should see
The smile that's only meant for thee.

From pleasures of this life debarred,
They tell me that my lot is hard,
That, forc'd like prison'd bird to pine,
Such joys as theirs can ne'er be mine ;
That beauty, wit, and gems are vain
If hidden they must thus remain.

They tell me that in festal hall,
To be admired and prais'd by all,
To feel one's self—O triumph high !—
The cynosure of every eye,
The fairest of the fair to be :
This, this is *life*,—bright, glad, and free.

From such advice I turn away,
It only serves to lead astray :
The dance, the crowd, are not for me,
I envy not their liberty :—
Happy as queen upon her throne,
I love to dwell among mine own.

Is there no peace for them at home,
That restless here and there they roam?
And are they of their lords so tired,
That they should seek to be admired
By friends and strangers? Thus can they
Mid dance, and song, and jest, be gay?

For thee alone, my love, I wear
The jewels in my flowing hair,
For thee the glance, for thee the smile,
For thee this heart which knows no guile:—
And blest, supremely blest I'll be
With one kind word and look from thee.

CARL AUGUST AUBERLEN.

(WRITTEN IN HIS 'DANIEL AND THE REVELATIONS.')

O Christian lands! in ye alone
Such ministers of faith may rise,
And blest are ye, indeed, to own
Such watchmen—truly great and wise.

Unless from infancy we drink
The milk and honey of the word,
Our holiest instincts needs must shrink,
And languish from due growth debarred.

Unless from infancy we learn,
We hear and see—but never plain;
Unquenched the Spirit oft may yearn,
But rarely its full lustre gain.

The peasant of the plain must fear,
The path steep-winding o'er the rock,
Where day by day the mountaineer
With step assurèd leads his flock.

How perilous the narrow way
To one,—exceeding all his powers!
Yet there the other's children play,
And fearless look for cliff-born flowers.*

Can such a man as this be found—
To pierce the future eyed so keen,
And tread so firm on dangerous ground
Where Truth not long hath planted been?

Scarce with a clearer prescience glows
The Captive Seer he writes upon,
Whose high prophetic watch-tower rose
Beside the throne of Babylon.

What meek humility is here
With courage to rebuke! what love
And child-like faith conjoined appear
With clear-eyed hope that soars above!

LINES.

(WRITTEN IN A CERTAIN SCHOOLBOOK.)

A cruel throb is at my heart,
I know not if I wake or dream,
The past and present mingling seem—
Oh, wherefore shouldst thou thus depart,
And leave me here without a gleam?

Calm was thy brow and closed thine eyes,
Thine image that of perfect rest,
My loved and lost! My first and best!
When on thy parted lips with sighs
My last sad choking kiss I prest.

* For the idea in this and the preceding verse, the writer is indebted to one of Alford's sermons.

I placed a rose-branch in thine hand,
The flower with early rain was wet—
The star of life for me had set—
Henceforward hopeless, *dead* I stand—
So felt I, and I feel so yet.

To note my loss thus—what the need?
To bring each incident to mind
Until mine eyes with tears are blind?
Grief loves upon itself to feed,
I note—that I relief may find.

For this, I turn this schoolbook o'er,
For this, I read these letters brief,
For this, repaint (Oh, power of grief!)
The looks that showed thy true heart's core.
In vain—no respite, no relief.

Great God! in whom I put my trust,
How long must I endure this pain?
My reason on its seat maintain
Till dust commingles with the dust,
And we, before Thee, meet again.

LINES.

(WRITTEN IN THE SAME SOME DAYS AFTER.)

Can he who writes such paltry lays
Have felt a real grief at heart?
Or takes he but the mourner's part?
Knows he his own heart's devious ways?—
This thought will sometimes through me dart.

Then comes the tempter. Was it love?
Can love thus weep and dry his tears,
And say, within a voice he hears,
That bears a message from above,
A large great word, to chase his fears?

Hast thou loved ever—loved indeed?
That thus thou mak'st believe to find
A God-sent peace? O false and blind!
Thou leanest on the veriest reed;
Lay no such unction to thy mind.

Beloved! to thee I make appeal;
Whose love so pure or fond as mine?
It filled my heart like generous wine,
And o'er thee yearned in woe and weal;
A type and shade of love divine.

And God! Thou knowest what a sum
Of love untold my spirit bore,
It seemed a sea without a shore,
Where ruffling storms may never come—
No love that's human could be more.

NIGHT ON THE GANGES.

This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick,
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the sun is hid.—SHAKESPEARE.

How beautiful the glorious night would be,
How much more lovely than the garish day,
If thus for ever she arrayed herself!
The moon is up—high on the cloudless sky,
Over the towering mast she brightly gleams,
Pale, like a lady sick with silent grief,
Showering her beams on everything around,
And clear defining every rope and spar
Of this our gallant bark, whose shadow falls
Enormous, on the smooth reflecting wave.
In this pure light the eye with ease discerns
Each distant object that it sees by day,
And freed from every fault that sunbeams show.

It seems, indeed, a clear meridian noon
Reft of its heat, its turmoil, and its strife,
Its busy wasting cares, its stunning noise,
Its idle flouting glare, and scorching winds.
Few are the stars that deck th' ethereal plain,
And even these (save one that brightly shines
Like some good angel's eye) are struggling all
Faint and remote. Below the waves disclose
A second glorious sky—a second moon
Broken and jagged, and in pieces rent,
But far more lovely than the moon above,
And paly stars that shoot a lengthened light.
How calm! How silent! Scarce a ripple breaks
The glassy surface of the winding stream,
Which, curving at a distance, seems a lake
Immense, but tranquil as a sleeping child
Rocked on its mother's breast, and through its dreams
Smiling the smile of happy innocence.
Naught now disturbs the stillness of the scene—
The holy stillness—save the cricket's song
That lulls each weary sense to pleasant sleep
By shrill monotony, and the night-bird's lay,
That comes so faint upon the weary wind
From distant bank, that scarcely one can know
Whether the he-bird carols to his mate
To wile away the idly-pacing hour,
Or young ones cry aloud for evening food
In weak and hungry accents tremulous.
Anon that lay is hushed. The fishes leap
Up in the clear moonlight from out the wave,
Then fall again and raise a sullen splash;
The huge unwieldy porpoise rolling out,
Sinks down immediate. Sudden from the glade,
A spectral, hollow, long-repeated cry
Of wild ducks in alarm comes loud and shrill,
Blent with the famished jackal's harsher voice,
As ruthlessly that tyrant's steps pursue

These harmless dwellers of the tangled brakes;
Startling the ear of sorrow-soothing night,
Breaking one moment through the stilly gloom
In fitful echoes then these die away,
Leaving a charmèd silence, deep and calm,
On field and forest, wave and leafy grove.
Soft spread the dews upon the fragrant earth,
Beading with orient pearls the silken grass,
And emerald leaves of trees upon the banks
That bound with green the dim horizon's verge,
On every side, save that in which the stream
Loses itself amid the bending sky.
How pleasant now, at ease reclined to mark
The sombre shadows of each varying tree!
The mangoe here, with countless leaves adorned,
Casts densest shade, and there the towering palm
Mirrors its length. The scented baubool next
With fragrant yellow flowers and clust'ring leaves,
Bends o'er the wave to see its image fair.
One mass of green the trees far off appear,
And cast no shadows on the flood below.
The ample Ghaut its thousand pillars rears
In the dim moonshine, looking vast and pale,
Untenanted and cold, sublimely grand;
And the high temple with its graceful arch
And faint discovered spire that upward points,
Shaded by moonlight like a phantom, looms
In dim mysterious beauty. At this time,
The spirit of eternal peace seems thrown
On every object, and the rudest breast
Is filled with pure and unimpassioned thoughts
May such a calmness in my dying hour
Encircle me, while those I dearly love
Stand by—not mourning—and may my passing soul
Partake in that mysterious, awful time
The peace and stillness of the scene around!

SONNET.

As the caged linnet, though on dainties fed,
  Turns wild with joy and beats the ruthless bars,
  When the faint perfume from the market cars
Of ripened fruit at early morn is shed;
Or when a fleecy cloud appears o'erhead,
  And tells, 'mid London's smoke and deafening jars,
  Of chasing shadows over downs and scaurs,
And reaper bands by rich sheaves islanded,—
Even so my heart, though here my pathway lies
  Through pleasant places, bounds with wild delight,
When in the prophecy of prophecies
  I reach the realms that know not joyless night,
Where healing leaves a chequered shadow fling,
And crystal waters from the white throne spring.

SONNET.

(REVELATION II. 17.)

Oft have I seen a pebble rough and dark,
  Made smooth by skilful hands with patient care,
  Discover branching veins of beauty rare,
And glorious bars, and specks like those which mark
The downy breastplate of the dainty lark,
  Or blending hues which safely may compare
  With those refracted, when the woods are bare,
From trembling icicles, or from Iris' arc.
So shall my soul, Father of love and light,
  Cleansed with atoning Blood, and heavenly Flame,
Become a gem, though erst in woful plight,
  And foul with sordid lust, and selfish aim;
A tablet smooth, heart shaped, and gleaming white,
  Fit for the inscription of the Secret Name.

A CHARADE.

Before my First with horse and foot,
The Duke in leaguer lay,
Huge cannons crowned the slopes around,
And cruisers watched the bay;
For though the foe was stout of heart,
The ramparts strong and high,
His Grace had vowed a solemn vow,
To conquer or to die.

My Second heard the volunteers
Receive the word to form,
To spring the mine, to launch the bridge,
And win the breach by storm;
Her nimble hand on sky and air
Had flung a sable pall,
But soon a lurid light illumed
The camp and crowded wall.

When Rumour bore on rushing wings
The startling news to town,
The sheriffs to the victor sent
A wreath and mural crown;
And let the bonfires blaze, they said,
And let the church bells toll,
Right valiantly the host hath won
My first within my whole!

THE DEATH OF MOHAMMED GHORI.

(VIDE ELPHINSTONE'S 'INDIA.')

They stood beneath the spreading palm,
That brave and youthful band,
They closed in silence round their chief,
To hear his proud command.

True patriots they, who inly groan'd
Their country's woes to see,
All ready to lay down their lives,
Once more to make her free.

Out spake at last the hoary chief,
Stern were the words he said:
'Brethren, the hour at last is come
For which we long have prayed;
To-day we'll free our country from
A tyrant's hated reign,
To-day we'll break, no more to wear,
Base thraldom's galling chain.

'Oh, can we e'er forget the year
The fierce invaders came,
And laid our proudest cities low
With vengeful sword and flame!
The maiden's tears, the mother's prayer,
The children's plaintive wail,
Were all in vain,—can tears or prayer
With demons aught avail?

'They came as comes the sweeping storm,
No power their course could stay,—
They came as come the raging wolves,
Fierce ravening for their prey;
And fast our gallant brethren fell,
Beneath their murderous brand,—
Thus sanctifying with their blood
Their cherish'd fatherland!

'Now by the love you bore to them,
By every sacred tie,
Swear to revenge their cruel death,
And strike for liberty.'

No answer made they, but his sword
Each from his scabbard freed,
And swore a deep and solemn oath,
To perish or succeed.

Soft blew the cooling evening breeze
O'er Indus' echoing shore,
The golden stars gemm'd one by one
Heaven's deep cerulean floor.
Hush'd was the sound of revelry,
The busy camp was still;
And gathering darkness crept apace,
Enshrouding vale and hill.

Within his gorgeous tent at ease,
The wearied monarch lay,
In rest and sleep he sought to chase
The labours of the day;
But sleep to him could bring no rest,
No respite from the pain,
Which ceaseless wrung his guilty heart,
And rack'd his fever'd brain.

No page or lackey waits without,
None keepeth watch and ward,
Fatigued they lie in slumber deep,
Stretch'd on the cool green-sward;
And e'en the weary sentinels,
Heedless of lurking foes,
Worn by the long and toilsome march,
Their heavy eyelids close.

What shadowy forms approach the tent,
Converse in whispers low,
And, spectre-like, with muffled steps
Flit noiseless to and fro?

The monarch from his slumber starts,
And looks around with fear,
He knew not that his hour was come,
Th' avengers dread were near.

Ere he could rouse his trusty guard,
Or grasp his falchion true,
The glittering daggers of the foe
Quick from their scabbards flew:
A hurried prayer, a heavy fall,
A stifled sigh, a groan,—
The spirit to its God had fled,
The work of death was done!

YPSILANTI.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.)

Alexander Ypsilanti sat in Mûnkac's lofty tower,
Hurtling past the rusty window swept a storm in pride of power;
Shrouding moon and stars' effulgence, clouds in masses sped amain,—
Sorely sighed the Grecian noble, 'Oh that I were free again!'

Steadfast gazed his eyes far southward, o'er the level waste of sand,—
'Were I lying in thy bosom, my belovèd fatherland!'
And he opened wide the lattice, saw but deserts brown and bare,
Ravens fluttering in the valley, vultures wheeling high in air.

And he sighed again and murmured, 'None will come to me, I trow,
From my home with happy message.' Heavy droop'd his eyelids now.

Closed his eyes with tears or slumber? Lo! his head
sinks on his hand;
See, his care-worn visage brightens! Dreams he of his
fatherland?

Suddenly before the sleeper stood a tall heroic form,
Earnest on the grief-struck chieftain fell his glances
kind and warm.
'Greetings to thee, Ypsilanti! Courage! grasp anew
thy sword!
In the narrow rocky passage, where my blood was
freely poured,

'Where in one large grave the ashes of three hundred
Spartans lie,
Have this day our gallant brethren sung their hymn
of victory;
And to bring this glorious errand is my spirit sent to
thee,
Alexander Ypsilanti, Hellas' holy land is free!'

From his slumber starts the chieftain—tears of joy
bedewed his cheek—
''Twas Leonidas, the deathless! I have seen him,
heard him speak.'
Hark! what rushes past the lattice? In the cold
moon's pallid ray
Far he saw a royal eagle on broad pinions sail away.

SONNET

(FOR A GROTTO).

Not in proud palace halls such rest is found,
Stranger, as in this lone and lovely spot:
Wild mignonnette and sweet forget-me-not,

Blooming luxuriant, deck this fairy ground.
Here stretch thy wearied limbs and gaze around!
Above, a canopy of glorious blue,
Afar dim mountains fading in the view,
Their crests with laurels and mimosas crowned.
Lulled by the music of the wandering breeze,
Of the glad streamlet as it glides along,
The drowsy hum of honey-laden bees,
The leaf-hid linnet's plaintive undersong,
Thou wilt forget all weariness and pain,
Nor ever wish to quit this magic bower again.

THE SHUNAMMITE.

'My head, my head!' was all the child could say
In answer to his father's anxious look;
But in those two half-uttered words there lay
A world of anguish. Then the red forsook
His little cheeks, and slow they bore him thence
Like a lamb stricken in its innocence.

They held the sheaves above him as they past
Through the green fields, to shield him from the sun,
And when they reached his dwelling-place at last
They laid him down his mother's lap upon,
And she bent o'er him with an earnest eye,
Pale, pale and speechless in her agony.

Long she thus bent to watch the flickering breath
And the sweet gleam of faint intelligence,
Which through his glance proclaimed that e'en in death,
The love of each for other was intense,
And from his forehead the rich locks to part,
And kiss that forehead with a throbbing heart.

At length his breathing ceased, and o'er his face
A pallor settled, deep and deeper still,
And though each lineament retained its grace
The lips that met her lips were cold and chill,
And through the windows of his eyes was seen
The empty throne where late the soul had been.

And there he lay through all the summer noon,
His small hands folded crosswise on his breast,
Like a fair floweret which the rains too soon
Have beaten down. And o'er his dreamless rest
Still, still she bent, as patient as the dove,
With breaking heart and yearning looks of love.

Still, still she bent, and gazed, and gazed upon
The form late animate with life—now clay—
And when the wind his ringlets one by one
Raised from his brow serene, in mockful play,
She fainted by him with a stifled groan,
For all beside was still and stiff as stone.

Hark! from yon chamber steals the voice of prayer:
An aged man, with hair all silver white,
Kneels by the bedside of a dead child there,
And o'er his face from heaven streams down the light,
And as his wingèd words to God arise,
Lo! life rekindles in its vacant eyes.

He lifts him up and opens wide the door—
The mother rushes in to see her boy,
And clasps him on her breast, and o'er and o'er
Kisses his cheeks in her delirious joy.
Oh! who can paint her transports? who can say
What feelings shook her as she knelt to pray?

SONNETS.

I

Invisible the angels walk the earth,
  Invisible to eyes that sin hath sealed,
  But unto prophets many a time revealed,
And unto children of the second birth,
And unto prayerful seekers by their hearth
  Lone musing—or on solitary field,
  For God to such an inward sight may yield
That they of spiritual blessings bear no dearth.
Red, fiery red, each heavenly squadron glowed
  Before the peace was 'stablished. Chariots, steeds,
Such as Elisha to his servant showed,
  And riders, as Zechariah on the meads
Beheld, beside the myrtle-trees by night—
But ever since, the vestures have been white.

II

Invisible the angels walk—but more!
  Each kingdom hath its guardian angel band
  That in resplendent panoply armed stand
To shield its interests; and oh! wondrous lore
By Truth made manifest, even children o'er
  They watch as guardians—such the high command!
  A host as countless as the desert sand
Upon this errand 'posts' from shore to shore!
With folded hands these ever see the face
  Of their Great Father and Almighty King,
Prompt to obey His high behests of grace.
  'Oh, what is man,' the Psalmist well might sing,
That he should occupy so proud a place,
  And be so sheltered by Thy parent wing?

HENRY ALFORD

IN HIS 'POETICAL WORKS.'

As there are places where I've never been
  Which are familiar to my mental eye,
So there are men whom I have never seen
  To whom I'm bound by some mysterious tie.

Foremost among these unknown, well-loved friends
  Is one whose life appears a pleasant stream,
Making sweet music wheresoe'er it tends,
  Like the faint airy music of a dream.

O friend!—if I may venture so to call
  The friend of Hallam mourned in glorious song,
And of the Laureate, one himself, whom all
  The Muses crown, without presumptuous wrong—

O friend! not for this book alone hast thou
  A claim upon my gratitude and love,
But for much more. Not in this place, nor now,
  May all be told—though all be known above.

Sweet is this varied music—sweet and calm!
  Yet less the longer warblings charm mine heart
Than the short snatches that distil a balm,
  And rather peace than pleasure-thrills impart.

Such is that 'Lady Mary,'* whom they found
  With palms in prayer folded on her breast,
While moonlight hallowed all the objects round,
  And made that chamber seem the land of rest.

Such are the sad 'Last Words,'† in death breathed low,
  'Refresh me with the soft blue violet,'
And 'touch my hand,' and 'kiss me' ere I go,
  And 'shed no tear,' for I am breathing yet.

* 'Lady Mary,' p. 217. † 'Last Words,' p. 215.

And such the 'Tears paternal' * shed in vain—
Nay, not in vain—for Ambrose from whose birth
The melancholy presage of a pain
Had hovered, till he slept in quiet earth.

Nay, not in vain—for other wounded souls
Have therein comfort found in bitterest strife;
'Only surviving son'—what billow rolls
So overwhelming in the sea of life?

Bitterest! But herein lies another bond
'Twixt thee and me, with straining eyes to look
And wrapt anticipation—ah, how fond!
For those who loved us and, alas! forsook.

Yet not for Ambrose—child of twice five springs,
Nor for thy Clement, are we knit alone,
Nor for this volume from which clear outrings
My hopes and fears in many a startling tone:

But, as I said, for more; for pure light cast
Upon the page where truths mysterious blend,
And doubts resolved and numbered with the past,
Fain would I call thee, as I have, my friend.

Nor such a title may he disallow
Who wrote the 'Ancient Man'† and longed to meet
The lowly stranger with the thoughtful brow
In heaven, and him as friend and father greet,—

The lowly stranger—who upon a time,
The bashful pastor's shame removed away;
So would I hail thee in that distant clime,
And so acknowledge what I feel to-day.

* 'Lacrymæ paternæ,' p. 145.
† 'The Ancient Man,' p. 225.

SONNET.

(A MISSION STATION.)

Blest be the hands that reared with patient skill
  This seemly chapel by the brooklet's fall,
  These trim-kept orchards, barns, and homesteads small,
And devious gravel walks o'er slope and hill,
That girdled with smooth stepping-stones the rill,
  And fenced the pastures with a leafy wall
  Of closely-planted palms and poplars tall,
Where timid herds securely range at will.
For God works surely with the meek, the true,
  Who spite of weak beginnings lack not power
To hope and pray—who in the swart seed view
  The glorious hues that flush the dainty flower:
Whose living faith in heathen men descry
White vested kings, and priests that never die.

STANZAS.

Two wells of unpretending size,
  Far from my native land,
Lie choked with tufts of noxious weeds,
  'Mid burning wastes of sand.

Yet Gunga rolling proudly down,
  On the still Teesta's dells,
Comes less before my spirit's eyes
  Than these deserted wells.

By one at eve, ere yet the stars
  Had decked the blue sky's brow,
Rebecca gave the camels drink
  Four thousand years ago.

At Sychar, by the other's side,
Weary, athirst, misused,
Beneath the fervid noonday sun
The Saviour sat and mused.

A CHARADE.

O lady! cast my *all* away,
Thy baseless fears resign,
It is not meet misdeeming fears
Should mar a love like thine;

Fears weaken more affection's flame
In woman's guileless breast
Than e'er my *first* the morning light,
My *last* the bright steel crest.

Lord Lindsay's heart is thine alone,
The gray-haired minstrel swore,
And fame reports that Allane Bane
Is versed in mystic lore.

Oh lady! cast my *all* away,
Thy baseless fears resign,
It is not meet misdeeming fears
Should mar a love like thine.

HYMN TO SHIVA.

It is usual with the inhabitants of some of the provinces in India to repair, even from distant stations, to the Temple of Shiva at stated periods, and after having bathed and purified themselves, to lay before the altar offerings acceptable to the deity, with such flowers as the season affords. They there chant hymns, of which the annexed one is a specimen.

Shivá! whom all the gods in heaven obey,
Thou mightiest, deign to hear my humble prayer!
I've sinned. Oh, save me from the fiend Despair,

Which turns to gloom the sunshine of the day!
The angry storms of Fate around me play,
Strange sounds are hurtling through the troubled air,
Be thou my steadfast rock, my guide, and stay.

Thou who art king of all the things I see,
Thou who art clothed in glory and in light,
Thou from whose tresses sprang, in radiance bright,
The sacred Ganges rolling wide and free,
Thou art my hope—lo! here I bring to thee,
To find forgiveness in thy awful sight,
These varied offerings on my bended knee.

Dread lord of Umá, to whose golden shrine
In far Benares countless pilgrim bands,
From Indian cities and from distant lands,
Yearly repair in never-ending line,
I too will visit that abode divine,
If I but now receive thy high commands;—
Oh, leave me not in bitter grief to pine!

O thou! who dwellest on the lofty crown
'Mid the pure snows of cloud-capped Kalasay,
From thy bright region of ne'er-ending day,
In pity on this sinful one look down.
Chase from thy lofty brow that angry frown,
And let me go in peace of mind away,
Rejoicing, to my distant native town.

THE RAINDROP.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF LACHAMBAUDI.)

Once, when a summer's storm was o'er,
And clouds in groups went hurrying by,
As if ashamed that they so long
Had hid the blueness of the sky,

A raindrop hurrying from a cloud,
Right glad to be a moment free,
Came dancing down, but soon, alas!
Fell on the bosom of the sea.

'Oh, what a fate is mine!' she sighed,
'When borne upon the ambient air,
I pictured to myself with pride
A place on earth with all that's fair.

'I hoped to make some golden flower,
The wing of some bright butterfly,
Soft pillows for my weary hours,
On which to close my aching eye.

'I hoped upon some velvet green,
Or on a fresh and mossy stem,
To court repose—fit couch for me,
For me, bright nature's brightest gem!

'And oh! I hoped some gentle bard
Would see me on his pensive way,
Admire me, and my beauty praise
In sonnet, song, or roundelay.

'But now, ah, what a fate is mine!
And is it thus that I must die?
In deserts e'en a grain of sand
Is happier, prouder far than I.'

As thus she mourned, an oyster gray
Heard her pour forth her plaintive din,
And sailing onward, gently oped
Her shell and shut the mourner in.

Within that many-coloured shell,
Hardened, concentred, crystallised,
Now lies a gem of beauty rare,
By king and kaiser sought and prized.

What thought the tiny raindrop, when,
Daring the dangers of the waves,
The diver brought her forth to light
From ocean's deep and sparry caves?

What thought the tiny raindrop, when
The world was filled with her renown,
And she—oh! now a priceless pearl—
Adorned a queen's resplendent crown?

Oh! maiden without name, who dwell'st
And bloom'st within thy lowly bowers,
Unseen, beneath its verdant shades,
A flower amongst a thousand flowers,

Repine not that thy lot below
Is full of toil and anxious care,
Nor murmur that the weary load
Thou bear'st on earth is hard to bear.

Look forward to a better home,
Where like the pearl thou yet wilt shine,
Where all thou hop'st for, love and joy
And regal station, shall be thine.

SECOND LOVE.

The umbrageous tree,
Which proudly lifts on high its giant form,
And mocks the fury of the angry storm,
Loses its greenery
When through its leaves shrill sings the wintry blast,
And sleet and snow obscure the frozen air,
Oh! then, its cherished summer beauties past,
It stands, of leaves bereft, all desolate and bare.

But when glad Spring again
Revisits earth with balmy wind and shower,
And calls to life each vanished bud and flower,
And decks the smiling plain,
The tree puts on its robe of green once more,
Once more it rears its branches to the sky,
The days of grief and nights of anguish o'er,
It glories in its youth and rustles joyously.

Oh! thus in life's young prime,
I felt the shadows of misfortune close
Around my path, which banished sweet repose
Far from me for a time;
For she whom I so loved, the star that shone
Upon the midnight of my heart, was dead,
And I was left to mourn and weep alone,
My gladness turned to woe, my hopes for ever fled.

Ah, no! not fled for aye,
For to my drooping vision thou didst rise,
A sweet consoling angel from the skies,
To chase my griefs away;
The desert isle which Sorrow's withering hand
Had parched—how swiftly doth its touch destroy!—
Bloomed like a garden, when, with magic wand,
Love peopled it again with Life, and Hope, and Joy.

THE PROPHECY OF AHIJAH.

At Shiloh, in a reverie, the Prophet sat alone,
Ahijah the well-loved of God, like a statue made of stone:
The light of day that made its way through a window small and rude
With a halo bound his sacred brow, and filled his solitude.

A step afar! A doubtful step betraying fear and grief,
Faint, intermitted, like the fall of a fluttering yellow leaf,
The Prophet felt the feeble sound, and ere his guest appeared,
'Welcome!' he cried, 'I know thee, the vision that I feared.'

A woman glided through the door, with travel stained and slow,
And stood before his presence, and made obeisance low;
She was a stately woman, a woman tall and fair,
But on her face was charactered the awful word despair.

'I know thee, yes, I know thee, disguised thou canst not be.
Mine eyes are set, their fire is quenched, no longer can they see,
But in my heart there burns a light, and by that light I know
That thou art Queen of Israel—alas! that thou art so!

'Why hast thou donned that peasant's garb? Think'st thou a mean disguise
Can hide thee, Jeroboam's wife, from God's all-seeing eyes?
Thou need'st not speak thine errand—I know that errand well,
And heavy are the tidings that I to thee must tell.

'The secret that thou fain wouldst know to me is clear as day,
Thy God shall take thy faithful child from thee and thine away:

He shall not share the general doom, the ruin of thy race,
But early called shall early die, recalled to heaven by grace.

'Who made thy lord a ruler? Who placed him on his throne?
Was it not God? And dares he now that wrathful God disown?
And dares he raise his temples to other gods than Him,
To the golden calf of Bethel, Peor, and Baalim?

'The sceptre rent from David's sons was given to him in trust,
Because they left their father's ways and blindly worshipped dust;
But vilely is that trust betrayed by Nebat's son the king,
For he hath left his God like them, and dust is worshipping.

'Woe—woe to Jeroboam! woe—woe to all his kin!
Woe—woe and everlasting woe for their deadly, deadly sin!
They shall perish in their houses, and the dogs their limbs shall tear;
They shall perish in their meadows, and the fowls shall hover there.

'Woe—woe to Jeroboam! But a greater, mightier woe
To Israel whom God had blest and ever cherished so!
Her fairest flower shall wither, her loftiest tower shall fall,
The brightest gem shall vanish from her proud coronal.

'Now hasten to thy palace—repeat what thou hast heard,
And tell the king that even now fulfilled shall be my word;
Honoured and mourned by Israel, the darling of its eye,
The child now laid in sickness, when he hears thee come, shall die.'

She hastened to the palace—a fire was in her brain,
She ran along the silent streets—then stopped—then ran again.
How could she stop? Oh, for one look!—but one—but only one,
Upon those features warm with life of her beloved son.

Oh, for one look!—she could not stop, though she knew that she was Death;
Oh, for one look!—the thought well-nigh deprived her of her breath.
The well-known gates were reached at last, the stairs rang to her tread;
But ah!—too late—too late she came—her child to heaven had fled!

THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA.

Across the harbour we gaily sped,
The white waves laughing round our prow,
Serenest skies hung overhead,
And joy sat throned on every brow.

Hills after hills on all sides rose,
A dreary mountain scenery;
No trees but stunted shrubs disclose
The region's stern sterility.

Sometimes a lonely mosque we past,
At distance white as ocean-foam;
And once a pile of buildings vast,
With an immense far-gleaming dome.

Till having reached the loneliest spot,
We leapt upon the yellow sand,
And wandered up—the Caves we sought,
The wonder of this wondrous land.

A sudden turn displayed to sight
A lofty staircase made of stone,
Part basking in meridian light,
And part in sombre shadow thrown.

High up it went—and higher still,
Receding far and farther yet:
Are fairies dwellers on this hill?
A sight of fairies shall we get?

In sooth, no wonder had it been
To see one stand on every stair,
And on the top a fairy queen
With diamonds in her floating hair.

Up, up we went till tired—at last
A terrace through the brambles gleams,
And then in all their grandeur vast
The caves—surpassing all our dreams.

O lofty pillars from the rock,
The solid rock cut out, that bear
The ponderous roof, and mind no shock
Of elements, but their fury dare!

O lions guarding inner'shrines
For ages with a gaze sublime!
O walls where sunlight never shines
That mock the ruthless hand of time!

O cistern that hast ever owned
The purest waters maids may draw!
O images of gods dethroned
That chill the gazer's heart with awe!

Speak, for ye can, who reared these halls,
What strange mutations they have seen,
Reveal a mystery that appals,
And tell us all that here hath been.

Speak, for ye can, with what a pomp
The rites inaugural were held,
With sound of fife and drum and tromp
And incantations darkly spelled.

Speak, for ye can, what thousands came
In worship here to bow the knee,
While altars blazed with bickering flame
And blood of victims bubbled free.

Speak, for ye can, what priests in bands,
What statesmen with their thoughtful brows,
What travellers from distant lands,
And maids with gifts, here paid their vows.

Speak, for ye can, at dead of night
What prayers and hymns rose hence to powers
That quench the spirit's conscience light,
The noblest of our earthly dowers.

Speak, for ye can—all silent still!
The past remains a mystery,
And *shall* remain, for 'tis His will:
What He conceals no man may see.

Only this much may fancy guess—
Perchance the king whose mandate made
The wonder in the wilderness,
When it was finished, proudly said:

'Is not this Babylon the great
That I have reared in strength of power
To show my majesty and state?'
The doom went forth that very hour.

And now the remnants—Pride—behold!
A lonely wilderness again.
Where are the gems and cloth of gold?
Where is the king and all his train?

The guns of Portugal have done
Their shattering work amid these gods;
The banyan lo! a niche hath won,
And to the south wind's whisper nods;

The snails on Brahma's forehead crawl,
The blind-worms dwell in Siva's eye,
On Durga's cheek the raindrops fall,—
Or are they tears for days gone by?

On breasts no Bramin's hand might soil
Each upstart stranger writes his name:
Such the result of earthly toil,
And such the end of human fame.

STANZAS.

She stood upon a turret high
To view the deadly fray,
Her dark eyes shaded by her hand,
Her locks in disarray,
And close beside her knelt her son,
His cheeks with roses spread,
The while a burning western sky
Its radiance o'er them shed.

A thousand spears were glancing bright,
And plumes and flags below
Were streaming in the evening breeze
Beneath that golden glow;
And blinding was the rocket's flash,
And loud the cannon's roar,
And distant shouts were frequent heard
Like waves upon the shore.

Intent she looked—her husband's form
Where fiercest raged the fight,
Where heaviest hung the lurid smoke,
Absorbed her aching sight;
A sash of blue was on his breast,
The symbol of command,
Albania's chosen chief, he led
That day the Christian band.

'Mark, mother, mark, my father's plume
Waves proudly in the air.
Oh! if my arm could wield the glaive,
His peril I would share,

And side by side from foreign yoke
Defend our natal sod,
Or die a faithful Christian knight
For country and for God.

'I see, I see his manly form
Between the closing lines,
A massive cross of burnished gold
Upon his helmet shines;
He waves his sword, in all the host
The bravest knight is he!'
The high-souled sinless child exclaimed
With artless ecstacy.

'Hush, Lyra, hush! Dost hear that shout,
That echoing trumpet bray?
The Moslem comes, as comes the storm—
Our bravest bands give way;
The foremost warriors on our side
Are swept like foam-flakes down,
The foe assails our front and flank,
Thy father fights alone.'

She saw him fall—she clasped her hands—
A haze came o'er her eyes:
That night Albania's chieftain met
His spouse in Paradise.
And firm in faith, though sorely tried,
Before a month had closed,
Upon the noble orphan's brow
The martyr's crown reposed.

SONNET.

PHILIPPIANS I. 29.

Meek snowdrops, couriers of auspicious spring,
Ye who with faithfulness from day to day,
Like hardy veterans in close array,
Brave the rude buffets of the north wind's wing;
Ye who with loyal trust tenacious cling
In rain and frost upon the parent spray,
And wait, in hope assured, May's genial sway,
Strength to my soul in peril's hour ye bring.
For ye the lowliness and courage high,
The stern resolve, the constancy of mood
Of suffering Christians aptly typify—
Christians close-linked in love and brotherhood,
Like those who side by side at Philippi
Bore the world's hate with noble fortitude.

SONNET.

'Our sorest trials, our severest woes,
Are nothing to the glory that shall be.'
So spake the foremost, trustiest soldier—he
Who fought for Christ with more than mortal foes,
Who near his chequered life's pathetic close
Rejoiced to fall, and cross in hand to die.
Oh, mighty faith, that could the mystery
Of life resolve and sordid fears compose!
What hopes, what dreams were his! what visions bright
Of things we long for! plumes, and glistening wings,
And bands of worshippers arrayed in white,
And watered gardens, and unfailing springs,
And bridal mirth, and kings with offerings sweet,
By guarded gate and stream and shady street.

CHARADE.

To follow the banner of gallant Lochiel,
As a clansman should do who is worthy and leal,
He has bidden farewell to his friends and his home,
And is off to the wars o'er the ocean's wild foam.

No henchman so true and no warrior so tried,
His chieftain beloved was his idol and pride;
And none to the proud Highland chief was so dear
As gray-haired old Allan, the bard and the seer.

With *my first* for a pillow, upon the cold ground
Now lies he with comrades reclining around:
They sleep, but no slumber falls soft on his eyes,
But he marks the smoke-wreaths from *my second* which rise.

His thoughts are all gloomy, for oh! he has seen
His own bloody figure stretched stark on the green;
'Twas a vision prophetic vouchsafed to his view,
And he knew that such visions and warnings proved true.

The morning dawns red and the drums fiercely beat,
The combat is rude and none thinks of retreat;
But the foes they are stronger, the Highlanders fly,
And the shout of the Frenchman peals loud to the sky.

Brave Cameron commands and entreats them in vain—
They turn, but, alas! not to rally again:
'Tis a moment of danger, of death, and despair,
Confusion and tumult reign wild everywhere.

'Twas then dauntless Allan seized madly *my all*,
And shrill on the air rung the 'gathering call;'
The clansmen stood still—see! no longer they run,
But return to the charge and the battle is won!

The battle is won, but Lochiel is no more,
Low lies he, the spot is all red with his gore,
And another in death the bold chieftain is near,
'Tis gray-haired old Allan, the bard and the seer.

THE CHILD AND THE ANGEL.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF REBOUL.)

An angel o'er a cradle bent,
Where lay a sleeping babe so fair,
And saw, as in a limpid stream,
His own sweet face reflected there.

'O charming child! upon whose brow,
As on my own, Heaven's seal gleams bright,
Earth is no place for such as thee,
Come, follow me to realms of light.

'Here pleasure pure and happiness
Cannot be found without alloy,
Here sighs and sorrows rend the breast,
And tears quench oft the light of joy.

'And shall these earthly griefs and woes
With pain thy tender heart surprise?
And shall the bitter drops bedim
The azure lustre of thine eyes?

'No, no—the good, the gracious God
From these sharp torments sets thee free—
Thou'lt fly with me through fields of space,
Where care and anguish cease to be.'

He shook his dazzling silver wings,
And rose upon the ambient air;
Poor mother, weep, thy child is dead—
See, faded lies the floweret there.

TO ——.

Refreshing as the dew of heaven,
And grateful as the rain,
To drooping bud and fainting flower
Upon the thirsty plain;
Welcome as light of tardy morn
To those who on the sea
Have all night fought the winds and waves,
Calm, but despairingly.

E'en so thy loving letter came
To soothe my troubled mind,
And quelled the billows of despair
Which there raged unconfined;
And brought me peace, when peace was far,
And chased all doubts away,
And bade the clouds upon my brow
Disperse 'neath hope's bright ray.

Forgive me, gentle lady mine,
That e'er I doubted thee;
A heart like thine, so fond and true,
Can ne'er deceitful be.
Henceforth away mistrust; I swear
By those soft dove-like eyes
To be thy uncomplaining slave,
Fast bound by love's strong ties.

THE SWEDISH MAIDEN.

Once on a bed of sickness as I lay,
Weary and restless through the silent night,
Scarce able in my mind to think or pray,
My shut eyes saw a vision of delight,
Sprung from a mist-like, half-remembered story,
And deepening clear and clearer into glory.

Methought a maiden stood upon a hill,
A fair and rustic maiden strangely clad,
Sheep grazed around her far and near at will,
And in the sunshine waters sparkled glad;
Rustled the leaves—'twas summer in her prime—
Summer the tide, and early morn the time.

And soon, methought, was heard the Sabbath bell,
Solemn and slow, resounding from afar
O'er the hushed landscape—whence I could not tell:
Flushed the young maiden like the first red star,
And gazed awhile, then reverently knelt
And uttered audibly what her spirit felt.

'O bell belov'd! I hear thy tender call,
And with mine inward eyes can clearly see
My father, mother, sister, neighbours, all
Wending to church by foot-paths o'er the lea,
While here I tend the sheep; but I can raise
Here, even here, my voice in prayer and praise.

'Is not God with me on this lone hill-side?
Creeps not my flesh as humbly I adore?
What—what is this?—I look—and far and wide
Thousands on thousands, cohorts whom before
I noticed not, are with me kneeling down
All rainbow-tinted, wing, and brow, and crown.

'O God! the universe is Thy temple vast,
Thy throne the heavens, Thy footstool earth, and Thou
Shalt ever be, e'en as Thou art and wast,
Our life and light. To Thee all creatures bow.
Thou gavest them being. Thou hast since their fall
In Christ redeemed them. Thou art Lord of all.

'Blessing and glory, wisdom, honour, power,
Might and thanksgiving be unto our God,
And to the Lamb who won salvation's dower
For us, and for the fallen world He trod!
Join, all ye angels, men, inanimate things,
In one loud anthem to the King of kings!'

More spake she; in my ear her soft words rang
Like the sweet vision's, which the poet saw,
The 'Damsel with the dulcimer' who sang—
Then faded like her; but by some strange law
The music still within my heart remains,
The music of that Swedish maiden's strains.

MADRAS.

Indifferent passages in this life, not less
Than great events that colour all its stream,
Oft find a niche in memory's recess,
And are invested with etherial gleam.
Vivid and bright they sometimes rise to bless,
At others seem 'a dream within a dream,'
Yet fading never;—wherefore should this be?
Our natures are to us a mystery.

Can I forget, till Time's scythe lays me low,
The sea-view at Madras? The rope-tied crafts
That produce bring for freight, or fruit for show,
The singly-managed catamaran rafts
Wild plunging in the waves where'er they go,
And the tall vessels which the sea-breeze wafts
From every clime that at their anchors strain,
Impatient till they sweep the seas again.

Can I forget our landing on the pier,
The ramble through the straggling curious town,

In the hot April sunlight shining clear,
By huts and palaces; now sitting down
On wayside benches, where the banyans rear
Their natural tents and cast their shadows brown;
And strolling now beneath the open skies
With smiling lips and ever-wondering eyes?

Can I forget the pleasant People's Park;
The savage tigers crouching in their den;
The wild hyenas in their prison dark,
Low growling; the buffaloes in the fen;
The monkeys sporting as in Noah's ark,
And all besides? Returning seaward, then,
The glorious ocean we beheld once more,
And all the bustle of the crowded shore.

Can I forget, though these be common things,
And scarcely worthy to be writ at all,
The sands, the open boat, the flitting wings
Of sea-birds white, the helmsman's cheery call,
The rower's chant that in my ear still rings,
And, fairly out, the blue waves' rise and fall,
As steadily we held upon our way
Through rainbow showers of sprinkled ocean spray?

Or can I ever in my life forget,
As we approached the ship's tall frowning side,
How wildly plunged our boat! Her pennants set,
The ship rocked high above the rocking tide,
Like a trump-rousèd war-horse on the fret:
Close, close we came, and then were parted wide,
A perilous work to board her; all in vain
The boat approaches, drifting far again.

Less anxious for myself, with what delight
I saw my young companion boldly spring

Up the frail ladder o'er the billows white,
And like a bird that folds its venturous wing
Gain safe the deck, I following as I might.
Was it a shade of matters time would bring?
The ship Christ's own, on this world's boisterous sea
Where one should first be safe? Ah, woe is me!

EPHESIANS vi. 13–18.

Ho! Fellow-soldier of the Cross,
Unmoved and watchful stand!
What matters toil, or pain, or loss,
When triumph is at hand?

Gird on thy armour—God's own gift—
Be ready for the fight;
What can dismay, when we may lift
The two-edged sword to smite?

The helmet of salvation raise
Upon thy blood-bought head;
'Tis hope, the theme of endless praise,
Bequeathed by Him that bled.

With truth thy loins be circled round,
And news of free release
Like sandals to thy feet be bound,
That all may learn their peace.

Above thy heart, to beam afar,
The costly breastplate press;
Foes must behold a fatal star
In inwrought righteousness.

And over all the broad shield cast
Of Faith—the mighty charm,
That fiery darts, though falling fast,
May never hurt or harm.

So, faithful soldier, at thy post
Unmoved and watchful stay,
And fear not for the evil host
That must depart at day.

In fervent, bold, and ceaseless prayer
And patience like His own
The issue wait; like Jacob dare
And win the deathless crown.

ABSENCE.

When larks are shrilling overhead
And dewdrops gem each spray,
When o'er the garden's trim-kept walks
The perfumed breezes play,
When morning floods with light the slope
Behind the chestnut tree,
I lean against its massy trunk
And think, my love, of thee.

At noon, when fierce September's sun
Is blazing in the sky,
And 'neath a golden haze our pools
And rose-beds quivering lie,
I muse upon the happy hours
Last autumn when with thee
In careless mood the fields I strayed,
An angler blithe and free.

When faintly shines the evening star
Upon our native vale,
And o'er its roof of roseate sky
The dark rooks slowly sail,
When wains with rich sheaves loaded pass
The ford beneath the hill,
And shout and merry song are heard,
My thoughts are with thee still.

When darkness wraps our lowly farm,
And silence reigns profound,
And merry elves in laughing groups
The old oak's bole surround,
In peaceful sleep with lightning speed,
I traverse land and sea,
And view in dreams thy fairy form,
And converse hold with thee.

KALA PAHAR.

(BLACK ROCK, MONGHYR.)

It is a wild and lonesome spot,
The place where now I stand,
Huge, cold, and grim the rugged rocks
Tower up on either hand;
Large masses rent from top and sides,
By earthquake, storm, and time,
Lie thickly scattered far and wide,
In disarray sublime.

I feel a sinking of the heart—
Awé-struck I gaze around—
No welcome noise the silence breaks,
A silence most profound,
Save the light pattering of the drops,
Which from a cleft unseen
Ooze out, and ever trickle down
The deep and dark ravine.

No trace of life, not e'en a worm,
On this drear hill abides,
No shrubs appear, no herbage clothes
Its black basaltic sides;

Fit place for foul unholy sprites—
If such on earth there be—
To muster here at dead midnight,
And hold high revelry.

The village people shun the spot,
And ne'er at close of day
Will any dare, though great his need,
To pass by this lone way,
Where, in the gloom, the rocks appear
Gigantic, weird, and still :
They speak the truth who say God's curse
Is on this barren hill !

SONNET.

Baronial walls which lofty elms embower,
Rich summer fruits, and waters sparkling clear,
Smooth-shaven lawns, where browse the dappled deer,
A stone soft veined, a song, an opening flower,
Colours and leaves, can stir my heart with power ;
And there are trees and streams in Paradise,
And fruits and leaves, and gems of dazzling dyes,
Far-stretching wall, and gate, and guarded tower :
But not for these in sadness here I pine,
For these my spirit frets not to be free,
But where hymns rise, and angel faces shine,
There do I yearn in spirit, silently,
To stand and gaze upon His eyes benign,
Whose heart felt pity for a worm like me.

JEHANGIRE'S LAMENT.

Mohabet Khan, commander-in-chief of the Mogul forces, rebelled against Jehangire on account of the cruel measures adopted by the queen, who had assumed the reins of government in her own hands. Several battles were fought. The heroic queen on every occasion headed the imperial troops in person, and gained one important victory, but was at last defeated and thrown into prison. Jehangire himself fell into the power of the refractory noble, but was treated by him with every outward show of respect.

'Twas night, and round the royal tents
The imperial guards reposed,
And slumber o'er the weary world
Her dreamy wings had closed;
On heaven's blue arch the wakeful stars
Their vigils kept on high,
And o'er those sleeping forms the wind
Passed with a gentle sigh.

Why sits the monarch all alone,
A watcher of the night?
Why fall upon his jewelled breast
The tear-drops large and bright?
Why does he bend his kingly brow,
Marked with the lines of care?
Can grief invade a royal heart
And plant her standard there?

Is it for battles overthrown,
Those red and moistened eyes?
Is it for friends and kindred slain
Escape those stifled sighs?
Ah no! far deeper griefs than these
Torment his fevered brain,
And force the bitter tears to fall
Upon his breast like rain.

'Oh, had I here my gallant men!'
Burst forth the youthful king,

'I'd make Mohabet rue the deed
For which he's triumphing.
Oh, had I here my gallant men,
My loyal chieftains free,
How soon the traitor then for grace
Would bend his suppliant knee!

'The shadow of a kingly crown
Still presses on my brow,
But real power—my kingdom's reins,
A traitor holds them now.
But well I could have borne this lot,
Had she been here to share
The perils which beset my path,
And soothe my heart's despair!

'She, who but lately led my men
To glorious victory,
Now lies in dungeon strong and deep,
Shut out from light and me;
And I, though sitting still upon
My royal father's throne,
Alas! I cannot free her from
That dungeon dark and lone.

'Is it for this she braved my foes,
And on the battle-field
Nerved her fair arm to poise the sword
And raise the glittering shield?
Is it for this she stemmed the flood,
Amid the angry storm,
When vengeful darts and arrows flew
Around her lovely form?

'Oh, better had she fallen where
Her bravest warriors fell!

When she beheld the dastard foe
Fly fast o'er heath and dell—
When in her ear the trumpets pealed
Victorious to the skies,
With the light of battle on her face
And triumph in her eyes!'

CHARADE.

O lady! like my *first* thou art,
As spotless and as pure;
Ne'er may thy true and tender heart
A shade of grief endure!
Thy own true love is far away,
But in his faithful mind,
E'en 'mid the battle's fierce mêlée,
Thy image is enshrined.

Could he but see thee now, and mark
Thy sad and pensive air,
And know that for his weal ascends
Thy deep and fervent prayer,
Oh, what would he not give to kiss
My *second* from thine eye!
For such a boon, such heavenly bliss,
A thousand deaths he'd die.

My *all* is blooming in thy bower,
But fairer far art thou;
For heaven hath set its seal of light
Upon thy noble brow.
Sweet lady! pure thou art like me,
As well befits thy youth,
And we are both a type divine,
Of innocence and truth.

LINES.

Hard is the lesson, Lord, to learn,
  Our stubborn wills to bend to Thine,
  And all Thou gav'st to Thee resign—
Lips may renounce, but hearts will yearn.

We know Who hath our freedom bought,
  We know Who only seeks to bless,
  And yet by fits the thought will press,—
Ah! would this bitter cup were not.

In such the tempter's sovereign hour,
  When wave above us rolls on wave,
  Stretch forth Thy mighty hand to save
And let not doubt our faith o'erpower.

Though surges threatened black as night,
  The words of old were, 'Peace, be still!'
  Unmoved for this, through every ill,
We only need the words of might.

While thus we wait, the clouds will fly,
  And on the waters laid in sleep,
  A glorious column slanting deep,
Announce the Morning Star on high.

Shine forth above, thou Morning Star!
  Above, and mirrored down appear,
  And in our spirits shine forth clear,
A light that men may hail afar!

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S DAY.

Was it a trembling reed ye went to see
By Jordan's open banks where winds blow free?
Was it a man in sumptuous raiment clad,
A flatterer with kings to live too glad?
No reed at every breeze to bow or bend,
  But of an unseen house a pillar strong;
No flatterer whom vestments lustre lend,
  But more than man a prophet waited long—
Prompt to rebuke, austere in word and deed,
And ready for the truth to bear or bleed.

The theme of prophecy himself, a Voice
To cry to men in time to make their choice:
A kindled light, before the central Light,
A cloud at sunrise burning pure and bright,
Who in the womb his Saviour could discern,
  And made His paths straight into many a heart,
Who taught poor sinners from their ways to turn,
  While Pharisees self-blinded stood apart,
The Messenger to go before His face!
The chosen servant in Elijah's place!

What recks he as a prisoner to be bound
Amid a fortress dungeon's gloom profound?
As little as he recked in desert bare
On locusts and on honey wild to fare.
Can he want ever comfort from above,
  Or in his dreariest moments be forlorn,
Who with his naked eye beheld the Dove
  Alight in glory on the Virgin-born?
No—no; in sunshine and in blinding rain
The peace within him must unchanged remain.

The loveliest flow'ret of the year comes last,
The sweetest smile when life hath nearly past;
And so, though prophet after prophet rose,
The greatest came not till the glorious close.
Of woman born none greater—yet the least
In the new kingdom, where all things are new,
As summoned to the Bridegroom's marriage feast
Is greater, and enjoys a clearer view.
That at the threshold, *this* within the house!
One as the friend, another as the spouse!

O lofty privilege! O proud renown!
O fairest garland, and O brightest crown!
Weak and unworthy as we are, to be
Raised to such honours by a grace so free!
A citizen, with full immunities, of heaven,
For ever by the crystal sea to stand,
Before the Great White Throne and Spirits seven,
And offer worship with th' angelic band!
And shall we not our hearts each moment guard,
Offending, lest we lose such high reward?

WHENCE KNOWEST THOU ME?

(WRITTEN UNDER JOHN I. 48.)

Whence know'st Thou me? exclaimed, in wondering awe,
Guileless Nathanael at the Saviour's feet,
And all who to the Presence humbly draw
Like that true Israelite his words repeat.

Whence know'st Thou me? for in the sacred page
Our inmost hearts reflected clear we see,
The constant wars that flesh and spirit wage,
And all we were, and are, and yet may be.

Whence know'st Thou me? Thou art the King of kings,
The Word of God that weltering chaos rends,
The First, from whom all life in nature springs,
And Last, to whom all life in nature tends.

Whence know'st Thou me? In Thee the Father made
All Principalities, Dominions, Powers,
Life-thoughts—His glory—that surround and shade
The great white Throne in brilliance where it towers.

Whence know'st Thou me? E'en in that glory-zone
Our faces were depicted calm and clear,
Long ere the features that on earth we own
To mortal friends or kindred could appear.

Whence know'st Thou me? From where all creatures live
A glorious gallery; but the colours there
To deeds below are keenly sensitive,
Brightening or fading as we work or fare.

Whence know'st Thou me? As others were of old,
Apostles, prophets, martyrs for the truth,
Limned out colossal as no mind may hold
Save His—the God of mercy and of truth.

Whence know'st Thou me? O happy, happy soul!
Whose life to his pure portraiture conforms,
Whatever seas around his bark may roll
It rides at anchor and defies the storms.

Our Lord and Saviour! Lo! I kiss Thy rod,
Grant that my life-thought may not fade away
From the wide circle round the throne of God,
But brighten by Thy favour day by day.

SONNET.

On autumn eves I love in listless mood,
While yet the west retains its golden hue,
And the leaves whisper and the stars are few,
To saunter leisurely by lake and wood,
And mark the dorhawk and its tawny brood,
Half lost by distance to the aching view,
With restless wings and eager hum pursue
The drowsy beetle over plain and flood.
Or if perchance chill rains sweep down the dell,
By the warm hearth reclined, I love to hear
My true love read, in accents silvery clear,
(While ruffian blasts howl o'er the moors forlorn)
Of Jesus musing by the desert well,
Or sad Ruth gleaning in Judean corn.

STANZAS.

My true love is a snowdrop bud
That blooms apart from all,
My true love is a timid wren
That haunts a lonely wall.

My true love is a pilgrim pale,
Who, day succeeding day,
Threads silent lanes, and shuns the throng
That crowds the broad highway.

May grace and truth my true love guard,
Where'er her footsteps roam!
And may she find through Christ at last
In Paradise a home!

SUNJOGTA.

'God shield my king!' the damsel said, and waved her
small white hand,
Her eye was soft, her brow was fair, none fairer in the
land,
And as, amazed, she widely gazed upon the crowded
plain,
The tears rolled down her satin cheeks as fast as
wintry rain.

On lucid Jumna's grassy slopes, as far as eye could
see,
Like poppy stalks when summer smiles, stood Prithi's
chivalry,
Ten thousand horsemen cased in mail that mocked
her dark eyes' glance,
With aigrette and with snowy plume, with shield and
glittering lance.

Nor lacked there flags and caftans gay; a hundred
banners flew
O'er a hundred haughty barons, broad fringed with
gold and blue,
And though her eyes were filled with tears, yet clear
against the sky
A myriad scarfs, green, red, and white, Sunjogta could
descry.

But o'er that sea of waving silks one glanced
supremely tall,
And o'er those files of glimmering crests one brighter
shone than all,

And when by trysting tree and scaur that flag and
crest swept by,
With loud acclaim young Pṛithi's name she heard the
people cry.

Her heart was sad, her spirit faint, and fearful was
the sight
Of spears in rest and prancing steeds and men in
armour dight,
But grief and fear she cast aside, and never ceased to
pray
To Gouri's lord, when rung that shout, to guard her
love alway.

When Ravee's flood with Moorish blood shall be red
as the Ûva flower
That in meek-eyed May blooms glossy gay beside
the sacred bower,
Then, Siva, from the Moslem's hate protect our youth-
ful king,
And gong and bell and wreathèd shell thy praise
shall loudly ring.

SONNET.

TO ——.

When solemn night reigns over sea and land,
And the hot labours of the day are o'er,
Dost thou not heed, O friend, that at thy door
Knocks patiently and soft a gentle hand:
A voice persuasive, not of stern command,
Bids thee to rise and welcome Him who bore
For thee the Cross, for thee the thorn-crown wore,
Ah, canst thou then His wondrous love withstand!

Close not thine ears, dear friend—Oh ! let not sin
  Or noxious earth-born clouds obscure thy sight,—
Wilt thou let Mammon's silver accents win
  Thy precious soul, and all thy prospects blight?
Rise up, unbar thy heart, and let Him in,
  Who waits for thee—the Lord of Life and Light.

SONNET.

I fain would dwell in that abode of ease,
  Thy castle, Indolence—a dainty place,
  Of which the poet sung with such sweet grace
Its shades and founts, its flowers and balmy breeze.
There would I lie beneath the fragrant trees,
  And quite forget the hard and desperate race
  I ran erewhile in vain, and gladly chase
All thoughts of care 'mid murmuring birds and bees.
For I am tired of this vexatious world—
  Its ceaseless tumult jars upon my ear—
Where man 'gainst man in mortal strife is hurled,
  Where reign, instead of Love, Distrust and Fear,
Where Rapine, with his death's-head flag unfurled,
  Leaves in his smoking track a desert drear.

HYMN.

The clouds of adverse fortune lower
  And darken on my path,
The arrowy lightnings cleave the air,
  And thunders roar in wrath.
O Lord ! in this my darkest hour
  Uphold me with Thine arm ;
Though storms may rage, yet 'neath Thine eye,
  I'll rest secure from harm.

For when the winds were high, and waves
Came rolling vast and free,
And the frail bark with riven sails
Tossed on the billowy sea,
The royal mandate then went forth,
And at that dread command
The winds were hushed, the boist'rous waves
Crept cringing to the land.

Now that temptations false allure
To lead my soul astray,
To Thee I kneel, O Lord! for aid,
Be Thou my guide and stay;
The howling elements were stilled
At Thine Almighty will,
Then bid, O Lord! the storms that rage
Around my head be still.

SONG.

Oh! worse the lot than his, whose fate
Compels him far abroad to roam,
Of one whose hearth is desolate,
Who dwells in solitude at home;
No gentle wife his cares beguiling,
No graceful children round him smiling,
No sinless babe upon his knee;
A heart which vacant thrones displayeth,
Where Love no word of comfort sayeth,
Where not a gleam of sunshine strayeth,
But evil passions, wandering free,
Impel to sigh for other's treasures,
And scowling look on other's pleasures,
And curse his own sad destiny.

Though honour, wealth, and fame may bless,
And crown him o'er and o'er again,
He cannot taste of happiness
Alone upon a barren plain;
No creeper to his rough bark clinging,
No tender shoots around him springing,
A leafless, seared, and blighted tree!
And if in mart or street he greeteth
The children whom by chance he meeteth,
It is with aching heart that beateth
With feelings of strange agony;
Their smiles, their joyful looks remind him
That he has nought on earth to bind him,
And tears flow forth unconsciously.

THE HEAVENS.

(WRITTEN IN AUBERLEN'S 'DIVINE REVELATION.')

The heavens! Where are they? We behold them not,
And star-crowned Science tries in vain to guess;
Look in the Book of Life, we there have got
What reason, unassisted, must confess
Beyond her powers. In light as clear as day,
It shows us where they are, and points the way.

They are not a mere figure for a state
Of happy being, though they be unseen,
While in the flesh we mourn, yet patient wait,
Until the word of power uplift the screen,
But a substantial system, passing all
That we can think or dream in guilt's sad thrall.

The true creation, of which what we see
Is but the type or reflex, vague and faint,
The longed-for kingdom of eternity,
That sin with presence foul may never taint;

The perfect universe! The realm of bliss,
Whence Light and Life and Love descend to this.

Th' ideal yet the truly real world,
Of Love the home,—of Holiness the seat,
Where Discord's banner never is unfurled
To mar a harmony the most complete.
Ah! that we realised in this vale of gloom,
Its living waters, its perpetual bloom.

For this, but this, was Revelation given,
To make our natures sensible again
Of such a spirit-world, an unseen heaven,
And lift us to its height, and there sustain;
For this, but this, that we may raise our eyes
From sordid earth to where that region lies.

The types and shadowy figures of the Law
To this communion only led the way,
Like object lessons infant minds to draw;
Till in the East burst forth the glorious day
In the long-waited Christ, who, coming down,
Brought us the spirit life, our joy and crown.

Repent ye, for the kingdom is at hand!
So rose the wakening and the warning cry;
And lo! the kingdom by divine command
Is 'stablished in the souls that cannot die.
All, that in simple faith the message heard,
And bowed obedient to the Incarnate Word.

Returned to heaven and seated on His throne,
He showers His blessings with no niggard hand
On those whom He has deigned to call His own,
Poor humble pilgrims to the better land,
The earnest of the Spirit is the gift
Which even here their souls to heaven doth lift.

Dead in His death and living in His life!
Inheritors of all things! They but wait
Enfranchisement from flesh, that genders strife,
To share the fullness of His high estate,
And freed, triumphant in the unequal war
By sovereign grace, to them the gates unbar.

And at the last, the glorious final end,
The heavens and fallen earth shall reunite,
When, like a bride adornèd, shall descend
The new Jerusalem, visible to sight
In all its glory, girt by tower and wall:
Oh, hasten, happy time! let God be all in all.

A FAREWELL TO ROMANCE.

Farewell!—a long farewell—to thee, Romance!
We may not meet as we have met before,
Though yet the witchery of that downcast glance
Enthralls my heart, it must enthrall no more!
Though yet the music of thy silver voice
Rings in my ear—it must no longer ring;
The stern command of duty bids us part,
The moments hasten and she grants us few;
But ere thou speed'st where younger hearts rejoice,
And ere I wander like an alien thing,
Jostling and jostled in the world's wide mart,
Fain would I murmur 'mid my sighs 'Adieu.'

Who hath not seen thee, fair one, when the day
Urges his coursers o'er the dappled clouds,
Flit o'er the dewsprent lawns in green array?
Who hath not seen thee when the evening shrouds
The landscape hushed, by skirt of forest wide,
Listening transfixed to echoes floating there,
Pale as a statue and as motionless;
Or kneeling by the margin of a stream,

Wherein thine image might be dimly spied,
While the winds dallied with thy bosom bare,
And raised thy robes, and oft in wantonness
Rippled thy mirror, to destroy thy dream!

Who hath not seen thee in his chamber still
At dead of night? For me, I've seen thee oft,
When through the lattice came the moonlight chill,
With incense from the garden borne aloft.
The star of peace flamed ever on thy brow
Just where the hair was parted, and thy face,
That pale and pensive face, was aye serene
As a white lotus on its watery throne:
One hand upheld a verdant cypress bough,
The other on thy lip with artless grace
A finger pressed—while o'er thy head was seen,
Round yet apart, a rainbow-tinted zone.

Yes, I have seen thee many and many a night,
But silent ever, and thine eyes have made
(Those eyes where quiver passion's teardrops bright)
A deep impression on my heart, and laid
A spell upon me that I may not rend—
A spell that half unfits me for the strife
Recurring constant in the workday world.
Ah! how I long to linger by thy side
In pathless wilds, where leafy branches bend
Each above each—the busy hum of life
Is never felt—the contest-flag is furled,
And from his foes the wounded deer may hide!

It may not be: I dare not disobey
The trumpet-voice of Duty which I hear,
With aching bosom, call me hence away,
And bid me leave thee whom I love so dear.
Therefore farewell—a long farewell—Romance!
We may not meet as we have met before,

For now my leisure hours can be but few.
Yet when we meet what raptures shall there be,
Upon some rare, rare holiday, by chance,
Roving in gardens as I roved of yore
At evening, when the stars begem the blue,
And warbling birds awake to ecstasy.

And if we meet not—if thou shunn'st my sight,
Scared at my world-worn brow and haggard look,
Then shall I woo thee with the charms of might,
And pore intently on some well-loved book—
Well-loved of old, to be well-loved no more!
The varied melody of Shakespeare's shell—
The Doric flute of Milton, or the reed
Of 'sage and serious' Spenser ever dear,
In breathless silence heard so oft before
By thëe and me, (thou did'st confess the spell;)
Or what less deep, of late, thou loved'st to hear
These strains of Scott that stir the soul indeed.

If time or care thine image should efface.
The image deeply graven on my brain,
And scenes seem dull which once I loved to trace,
And books, once prized, afford no balm to pain,
Where shall I seek to light the fire anew?
How find thee, Goddess of the peerless eyes?
In mine own hearth, and in the prattle sweet
Of children dear, and in their sunny glance,
And in their love so tender and so true,
A love that every morning magnifies.
Though parting now, we thus may sometimes meet
And love each other as of old, Romance!

SONNET

ON A SMALL PINE-WOOD BOX.

When parching winds blow fierce from tropic seas,
And my soul faints with heat and glaring light,
The magic perfume of this casket white
Transports me far to Simla's shady trees:
I hear the murmur of the golden bees,
Now lost in flowers, now glancing back to sight,
And the wren's whistle on the lonely height,
And harvests rustling in the autumn breeze.
Above, around, start grove and hawthorn brake,
And peaceful homes, and spots of open sky,
Bright as the glimpses of a winding lake,
Pure, blue, transparent, sleeping silently,
Embosomed among mountains that partake
The boundless desert's deep tranquillity.

SONNET

I see fair figures in my dreams at night,
Such as Murillo's heaven-taught pencil drew.
Faces irradiate with the holy dew
Of innocence—a harmony exquisite,
Like that which Zephyr wakes with fingers light
From harp Æolian for Titania's crew,
When autumn leaves the forest paths bestrew,
Float round these visions as they swim to sight.
I see Rebecca by the fountain's side,
Meek Ruth amid the reapers walking slow,
Fair Rachel frowning in her beauty's pride,
Sad Hannah in the temple's portico,
The Virgin musing at sweet eventide,
And my own mother dear in robes of snow.

SAMARSI.

Samarsi the bold is the pride of his clan,
But he owns not an acre in broad Rajasthan;
Samarsi the bold is the hope of the true,
But his sporran is empty, his henchmen are few,
For the Moors o'er the Jumna in triumph have come,
And Samarsi the bold is an exile from home.

Though the Moslem now feasts in his hall and his bower,
And the crescent flag flutters from temple and tower,
Though the chase and the forest, the pass and the height,
Are watched by the soldiers by day and by night,
Samarsi the bold is as merry as when
His will was the law in his loved native glen.

For the roebuck still bounds by the dark haunted lake,
And the partridge still springs from the deep tangled brake,
And the perch and the salmon in silv'ry shoals gleam,
At morning and noontide in pool and in stream,
And spite of their warders on hill and on plain
Samarsi can harry his father's domain.

Though an outlaw decreed by the chiefs of the foe,
Samarsi has homage from high and from low,
For the copsewood is heavy by Saloombra park,
And the vale of Banmora at noonday is dark,
And he's ready, aye ready, right firmly to stand
By the wood or the pass with his sword in his hand.

In the cave of Pokurna, beneath the green hill,
Where the throstle keeps time to the soft-crooning rill,

Samarsi at nightfall, unknown to the Moor,
Lights his watch-fire in peace, when his labours are o'er,
And revels in freedom till morning again
Gives the signal to mount and ride down to the plain.

THE PAST.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF MAHLMANN.)

I think on thee, O sweet and holy past,
Decked with gay flowers, arrayed in light sublime!
Come, heaven-born Phantasy, on pinions fast,
Convey my longing heart to that bright time.

Return, thou beautiful and golden morn,
That first with light my infant eyes did greet,
Oh, then my heart unknown to care and scorn,
With kindly sympathy for all did beat!

Return, ye innocent and early years,
Oh, bloom again my long-lost paradise!
And thou, sweet Hope, whom I have sought with tears,
Return, return to cheer my weary eyes!

In vain: oh, how can vanished joys and hours
Come back! My sighs and prayers are poured in vain;
They wither soon, life's fragrant buds and flowers,
They fade on earth, no more to bloom again!

Therefore, O happy land of endless day,
Where they find peace who here found grief and gloom,
Where flowers, which Death and Time have swept away,
In radiant beauty will perennial bloom,

I thirst, I pant for thy life-giving stream,
  Thy trees with leaves of potency divine;
Oh, let me wake from this oppressive dream,
  Oh, give to me that sabbath rest of thine!

TO ——

ON HIS RECENT BEREAVEMENT.

Oh! weep not for the early dead,
  Though dear she was to thee,
Though she has left thee desolate,
  A lone and leafless tree.

Oh! weep not, for she now abides,
  An angel pure and bright,
In realms of true and endless bliss,
  Clothed in eternal light.

Perchance she's thinking on thee now—
  Look on the starry sky!
Perchance she may be watching thee
  With a spirit's loving eye.

Oh, broken heart! a day will come
  When to that heavenly shore
Thou too shalt sail thy love to meet,
  To meet, and part no more.

Then weep not, she is happy with
  The holy and the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
  And the weary are at rest.

CHARADE.

It was a noble west-end lord,
Dundreary-stamp was he,
Who had resolved to visit France,
And cross the stormy sea.
He thought too, after studying well
That great and peerless nation,
To turn far southward, and extend
To Spain his peregrination.

Upon the steamer's deck he stood
With a wan and sickly face,
But not a crease was in his coat,
His eye-glass kept its place.
My *first* gazed at him with contempt,
'Why, blow me!' muttered he,
'What ever could have brought from home
This lubber out to sea!

'I'll have some play out of this gent,'
With that he quickly poured
My *second*, a large bucketful,
And went towards my lord.
'Aw, sailor-man, keep further off'!'
And to his high-bred nose
He held a dainty handkerchief,
All redolent of rose.

'Beg pardon, sir,' and as he said,
He stumbled, fell—and lo!
My lord was with my *second* splashed,
And drenched from top to toe:
Aghast he stood with reeking sides,
For pride, ah, what a fall!
Quoth Jack, 'He thought to lord o'er me,
But he has caught my *all*!'

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TO LORD CANNING.

DURING THE MUTINY.

Though a thousand pens condemned thee, mine still
should write thy praise;
Though a thousand tongues reviled thee, mine still
should pæans raise;
For factious clamours heeding not, that only call for
blood,
True to thy duty and thy race, Lord Canning, thou
hast stood.

What is the meed of thy deserts? Let history blush to
tell!
A foul memorial of recall sent o'er the ocean's swell;
And from the press—a press, alas! long held in
honour too—
The daily sneer for justice done, as God hath taught
to do!

Is this the meed of thy deserts? No, no, it cannot be,
All England's best and noblest are heart and soul with
thee!
And India's swarthy children, from hill and field and
town,
Lift up the voice with one acclaim, and blessings
summon down.

And the next age—shall it not hear, with wonder and
with awe,
How amidst rancour, hate, and strife, thou sternly
gavest the law?
'He governed all alike'—'twill say—'all races and
all creeds,
He judged not men by skin or faith, he judged them
by their deeds.'

And the next life? Is there not one when God shall
judge us all,
The peasant from his cottage and the ruler from his
hall?
Then who shall justified appear, and who shall win
the crown?
The man that strove for duty, or the man that sought
renown?

All that a bold wise heart can do—all that a righteous
may,
Was done the bursting storm to quell in India's evil
day!
But a heavy task is still on hand, for an omniscient
God
Hath women's blood and children's seen run reeking
on the sod.

Yes, a heavy task remains behind—a 'burden's laid
on thee,'
Thou hast been chosen Minister—such is thy destiny;
Oh, pray—for highest counsel pray!—of such shalt
thou have need,
For 'vengeance is a fearful thing'—and vengeance is
decreed.

Strike thou and home, but not in wrath—fulfil a high
command;
Avenging angels weep to smite a sin-o'erburdened
land:
Strike, mourning, at the word of God, and hold at
His behest
These words in water are not writ—'The merciful are
blest.'

It is not for her trampled flag that England bares her sword;
It is not for a just revenge upon a murderous horde;
It is to prove to blood-stained men, self-blinded of their sight,
That evil hath no chance with good or darkness with the light.

But guiltless blood, where'er it flows, in black or white men's veins,
Is precious in the sight of Him who trieth heart and reins;
Oh, watch it be not shed in vain!—Oh, act as heretofore!
And let a wreath-encircled name one priceless wreath have more.

No. 13, *MANICKTOLLA STREET.*

Within the city's restless heart
A modest homestead lies,
Its trim-kept lawns a mossy wall
Secures from envious eyes.

Its turf is fresh, its wells are pure,
And by its pathways clean,
Braving the city air, the rose
And jasmin white are seen.

Oh, may my heart be ever like
This nook so green and fair,
Despite the rude world's breath may love
And innocence bloom there!

SONNET.

THE SEA AT NIGHT.

In every hour how glorious is the sea!
Glorious at daybreak, when the sunbeams glance
On crests of foam, that with the blue expanse
Strangely contrast in their white brilliancy.
Glorious at noonday, when they cease their dance,
And when the myriad ripples seem to be
Thick-strown with stars that gleam incessantly,
And glorious still at evening's meek advance.
But most the sea is glorious in the night,
When the cold moon looks colder in the deep,
And half in shade and half in fitful light
Lies the vast world of waters, as in sleep;
To me sublimer that symbolic form
Of power reposing than the fiercest storm.

SONNET.

TO J. C.

Dear friend, meek traveller in the narrow way!
Thou that with lowly heart and faithfulness—
Careless of good report and ill—dost press
Thy journey forward to the realms of day:
Thou that like Sarah casting care away,
Hast left friends, mother, childhood's peaceful home,
And with thy cross outside the gate hast come,
God be thy strength and guide, thy shield and stay!
Oh, may I see thee, when the swelling cry
Of thronging myriads on each shore and isle
Proclaims the Bridegroom's advent from the sky
(While white-robed angels march in endless file),
In joyous welcome o'er the crowd lift high
Thy brightly-burning lamp with tearful smile!

SONNET.

PUNKABAREE.

How sweet 'twere here an anchorite to dwell,
Here in the presence of this white cascade,
To muse at noon beneath this grateful shade,
With bead and crucifix to haunt this cell;
Fresh wholesome fruits to gather in the dell,
At early morn what time broad lights invade
The dew-gemmed coverts of the peaceful glade,
And listening silence broods o'er rock and fell;
With solemn cheer to mark at eve on high
The stars leap forth, to lie on this smooth stone
Strewed with crisp leaves and hear the owlet's cry
Borne on the breeze from crag and cavern lone,
Or close in balmy sleep the languid eye,
Lulled by the deep-voiced Teesta's soothing tone.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF J. RACINE.)

O God, what cruel wars within!
Two beings live in me:
The one insists that I should sin
And scoff and laugh at Thee,
The other gives me warning due,
And bids me to Thy laws be true.

The one with its funereal weight
Keeps down my longings high;
The other on bright wings elate
Would lead me to the sky,
Would whisper earthly things are vain,
And tell me where true wealth to gain.

Alas ! and shall this woeful strife
Within me never cease,
And shall I never in this life
Enjoy a moment's peace?
I do what I would rather shun,
And all I wish I leavė undone.

Oh, Grace of God ! Oh, Ray divine !
This direful discord quell,
Subdue this rampant flesh of mine,
So ready to rebel,
And make me, now Death's abject slave,
Thy servant, Lord ! In mercy save !

THE GIPSY BOY'S COMPLAINT.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

Far to south lie Spain's fair valleys—
Spain, my own, my native land,
Where the leafy chestnut dallies
With the breeze on Ebro's strand;
Where the beauty is completer
Of the almond and the vine,
Where the rose's scent is sweeter
And the moonbeams brighter shine.

I have wandered long and blindly
In this strange and cruel land,
None has looked upon me kindly,
None has stretched a helping hand;
How can I, poor boy, defend me
From their rudeness everywhere?
Ah! they cannot comprehend me
Nor the depth of my despair.

Here I miss the sun's bright glances,
And I pine from day to day:
All my songs and sweet romances
From my mind have passed away;
Every strain reminds me sadly
Of that cottage home of mine—
Fain my steps would I turn gladly
To that land of bright sunshine.

I have drained grief's fullest measure—
Will my longings be in vain?
Oh, I'd give each earthly pleasure
Could I see my home again!
Here I start for Spain's fair valleys,
Where the leafy chestnut tree
With the south wind softly dallies—
There I wish my grave to be!

SONNET.

Oh, sleepless watchers for the coming morn,
Expectant still that it will bring your cure,
Your griefs and sickness like true men endure,
Nor murmur, as of hope you were forlorn;
The night seems waning fast, the stars are shorn
Of their full splendour and look pale and pure,
The breeze is up weak hearts to reassure,
And streaks of gray the furthest East adorn.
New leaves on figs announce the summer bright,
Clouds in the west a shower—'tis thus men say
And know not yet the times to read aright!
With your loins girded, watchers, watch and pray,
As each precursor comes of glorious light—
Soon may it kindle into perfect day!

LINES.

Was all my love, my child, in vain
To keep thee here?
A stronger love hath drawn me in its chain
To leave thy sphere.

What love so tender and so deep
Can be as mine?
Ere earth arose IT WAS, and cannot sleep,
Not love like thine.

When shall we meet again, my son?
I miss thee sore;
Kneel down and cry, O Lord, Thy will be done!
And ask no more.

Oh, weary nights in which I long
For wearier days!
In patience work and wait, in faith be strong,
And give God praise.

SONNET.

GOUR.

(UNDER AN INDIAN TALE BY V. TREGEAR.)

I gazed upon the ruins wrapt in thought:
Sudden they melted to my dreaming sight,
And in their place rose moated castles bright,
Like the great temple, all in silence wrought.
The scene with deepest interest was fraught,
Banners unfurled like meteors mocked the light,
And armour rich, prismatic colours caught,

As sentries slowly paced each guarding height.
The streets were peopled with a varied throng,
Brave men and bashful women half afraid,
Huge elephants forward urged by mace and thong,
And snorting steeds in trappings rich arrayed,
In one continuous tide were borne along,
While martial music at a distance played.

SONNET.

NEAR NYNEE THAL.

How rich the prospect from this moss-grown seat!
The vine-clad cottage in the warm recess
Shines like a palm tree of the wilderness,
When lone Arabia pants with torrid heat.
Below, where from the lake the hills retreat,
And the wild strawberry woos the sun's caress,
How calm the cattle lie—how motionless!
Lulled by faint warblings from Deoban's feet.
How smooth the fields appear by yonder rill,
Where 'neath the shelter of an old oak tree,
'Mid snow-white sheep, on green turf lazily,
His rod in hand, the patient angler lies,
Arch, innocent, with ruddy cheeks, and eyes
Like its translucent pools serene and still.

SONNET.

Though far mid chasms, with new-fallen boulders strown,
Where thick at morn and eve the white mists brood,
Hemmed in by roaring stream and sombre wood,
The blue-eyed Goorkha dwells in peace alone;
Yet is he pleased at times, when winter's flown,

To saunter leisurely in cheerful mood
Where Nynee Thal receives its vassal flood,
To view the peaceful church with vines o'ergrown,
The trembling lake, and strips of natural lawn,
Where the tired herd-boy pipes in careless ease,
The Christian tombs with tufts of eyebright crowned,
The pastor's cottage and trim garden ground,
And English farms in lonely glens withdrawn,
And small white homesteads screened by leafy trees.

STANZAS.

My love, seek not the help of man
When perils round thee rise;
The search will outrage hope, I swear,
By sad experience wise.

The kindest friend, when sore thy need,
Will scornfully deride;
The wisest will misjudge and wrong,
And coldly turn aside.

But stern, resolved, though dangers frown,
Press forward day by day;
God's word is sure, thou canst not fall,
And naught can bar thy way.

CHRIST A GARDENER.

[Christ ein Gärtner.]

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHENKENDORF.)

A gardener to His garden wends,
Where thousand flowerets bloom,
With patient care He rears and tends
Those buds of rare perfume.

To some He sends the cooling rain,
To others warm sunshine:
Oh, wondrous love! and hence they gain
Fresh strength and life divine.

They live in joy, they bloom with grace,
With thankful hearts and free,
And fain would their green shoots embrace
The gentle Gardener's knee.

And when their little life is o'er,
He puts them in His breast,
And takes them to the blessed shore—
The land of peace and rest.

He takes them to that realm of bliss,
His home of endless day,
A glorious world which ne'er like this
Can wear or pass away.

Here the sad heart is crushed and dies,
Decays each pregnant grain,
But there the bloom of Paradise
Doth evermore remain.

Thou Gardener, tender, true, and tried,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let us too then be purified
For that Eternal Spring.

AUTUMN.

Thou art come to us, O Autumn! and the trees
At thy approach bow down with offerings,
And from ripe orchards the rich-laden breeze
Delicious fragrance bears upon its wings.

Thou art come to us, O Autumn! and the skies
Look glorious in the sun's last setting ray,
The piled-up clouds assume a thousand dyes,
And heaven, though earth is dark, looks bright and gay.

Thou art come to us, O Autumn! and the streams,
Swollen by thy frequent showers, roll deep and strong;
Now leap in cataracts, now through bushes gleam,
And reckless to the ocean sweep along.

Thou art come to us, O Autumn! and the fields
Pay tribute to thee with their waving corn,
And the large vineyard of the peasant yields
Sweet grapes and ruddy as the smile of morn.

And it is meet, O Autumn! that the trees
At thy approach bow down with offerings;
That the rich colours of thy evening skies
Outshine the splendour of an angel's wings.

For all should now pour forth a grateful prayer,
The birds, the flowers, the streams, the solemn lea!
We, too, should thankful be for gifts so rare,
Which God our Father sends us graciously.

ABSENCE.

Oh, sad is evening's quiet hour,
When wearied Nature longs for rest,
When every fragrant bud and flower
By loving breezes is caressed;
When from the skies bright hues depart,
And silence steals upon the sea,
For then this fond and faithful heart
Thy absence mourns and pines for thee.

The moon recalls thy beauteous face,
The stars thy softly-beaming eyes,
I seem to feel thy warm embrace,
Thy balmy breath and glowing sighs.
I hear thy words in accents low,
As when repeated on my knee;
Those days are gone, my tears must flow,
Since thou art far away from me.

IN AN ALBUM.

AFTER HAVING A ROOM PAINTED WITH HOLLY LEAVES IN 1862.

To paint this room thus was a folly—
In such a clime what need of holly?
The trees here never are quite bare
And skeleton-like,—so mild the air;
Nay, fruits and flowers the whole year round
In varied loveliness abound.

Why was it done? Was 't whim or fate
Thus, then, this room to decorate
With such a clumsy foreign bough?
The reason, let the Muses show,
Or, if they won't, why let me do it—
Holly's the favourite of the poet.

Yes, such a charm have poets flung
Around the holly, praised and sung
From Chaucer's to our present day,
That I too must my homage pay,
And thus I pay it—here it blooms,
Red berries amid leafy glooms.

And what have poets said in praise
Of bristling holly in their lays?
It might the atheist confound,*
So wisely formed; the lower round
Of branches, ever armed, appear,
That cattle may not come too near,
But higher up the leaves are smooth,
A lesson, too, for headstrong youth
Asperities to cast away,
And grow more kindly day by day.

What else? The prince of poets saith†
That leaves enjoy (he had this faith)
The air they breathe, the sun they feel,
A pleasure they can scarce conceal.
What sober joys, then, far from folly,
Were thine in summer, youthful holly!
What grave delights in age serene,
When thou, and thou alone, art green!
The same when smiles the sky and lowers—
Thy lot how blest! such lot be ours.

'And wear thou this, she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head.'‡
Those words once heard must haunt us still,
Their echoes float o'er wave and hill;
Such wonders are by Genius wrought!
Such is the power of 'breathing' thought!
That vision fading cannot fade,
So nicely blent are light and shade,
Those 'polished leaves' can never wither,
And therefore I transplant them hither.

* See Southey's 'Holly Tree.'
† See Wordsworth's 'Lines written in Early Spring.'
‡ See Burns' 'Vision.'

LINES.

With one gracious word or saying,
Vouchsafe, Lord, to comfort me,
One of those that fears allaying
Meet our wants that cry to Thee.

Say 'Ephphatha'—be the hearing
Of thy inner self restored;
Or 'Receive thy sight,' and, fearing,
Worship thou and love the Lord.

Tell me, 'Be thou clean,' in answer,
It is suited to my need;
For the fretted leprous cancer
Eats into my soul indeed.

Or when, in heart-wrung anguish driven,
From my bonds I seek release,
Say 'Be thy sins to thee forgiven,'
'Sin no more, but go in peace.'

Quicken me with Thy free spirit,
Speak, as to the dead, 'Arise!'
Make me worthy to inherit,
King of kings, the blood-bought prize.

SONNET.

How oft, O Time! men thoughtlessly reprove
Thine even course, and call thee swift or slow:
The restive schoolboy who from school would go,
The youth that longs impatient for his love,
Miscall thee laggard, whom no tears may move
Nor soft words melt. The sage with locks of snow
Thinks thee too rapid; on thy onward flow

He looks and weeps, while dreams which fancy wove
In the fresh season of his youthful prime
Fade into air. For me, I mark thy way,
Placid and smooth, and bless thee, ancient Time!
Nor call thee slow, nor wish thy course to stay,
As hid in shady nook I 'build the rhyme,'
Or listless under cloistering branches stray!

SONNET.

There is a natural chapel on the hill
Near Dymok, worthier far than aught,
For solemn worship, mortal hands have wrought,
A grotto green with moss, secure and still.
Fast by its portal sweeps a sparkling rill
Of lucid waters, by the small birds sought,
When fervid June with bluebells paints the spot,
And joyous songs the listening hawthorns thrill.
Like the low harmony of morning dreams,
The wind there murmurs through an old oak tree,
And light, as solemn as a church beseems,
Falls at high noon, through green leaves, placidly,
Pensive and holy as the light that gleams,
In the lone caves beneath the roaring sea.

SONNET.

A mighty thrill of rapture stirred my heart,
When from the Bosporus, arrayed in light,
The Sultan's city started up to sight,
Spire, column, terrace, street and crowded mart,
Seemed fairer far than aught enchanter's art
Called up in yore. Far off like seagulls white,
Winging through sun and shade their restless flight,
A hundred glancing sails appeared to meet and part.

I gazed, and thought if joy like mine is found
From earthly sight in hearts benumbed with care,
What are *their* transports who for Zion bound,
With angel guides, first see in upper air
The groves of massy foliage, minarets tall,
The everlasting dome and golden wall.

SOLITUDE.

Nymph, upon whose forehead white
Gleams a wreath of snowdrops bright,
Starred with specks of violets fair,
Meekly peeping here and there,
In the depths of whose clear eyes
Dainty sorrow slumbering lies,
With the new-born Spring come nigh,
Rescue me before I die.

From the city's noise and heat
Lead me to thy green retreat,
Where the wren securely lies,
Hid from prying schoolboys' eyes,
And the sleeping fields and leaves
Dream of Autumn's fruits and sheaves;
Where from valleys far withdrawn,
Sunny slope and thymy lawn,
Bay of hounds and hunters' cheer
Faintly fall upon the ear.

For the toil and ceaseless strife
Of a townsman's weary life
Tires my spirit and I droop,
Where my betters live in hope;
I am old, oh, think with ruth
How I sought thy face in youth,

Nymph benign, by hidden rills,
In dark lanes, among the hills,
By the plover's dank abode,
On the cheerless mountain road,
By the Banshee's haunted fell,
When at lauds the convent bell,
Softly now,—now full and deep—
Waked the echoes from their sleep.

'*FOR KING AND FATHERLAND!*'

It was a Rajpoot young and tall,
Upon whose neck his bride
Hung weeping, that the cruel wars
Should wrest him from her side.
'Nay, weep not, love! high hopes are mine;
Canst thou not understand
'Tis sweet to shed our heart's best blood
For King and Fatherland!'

And he has kissed her burning cheeks,
And said his last 'adieu,'
And lightly vaulted on his steed,
And vanished from the view:
'Away! May God vouchsafe to me
Fresh strength to wield this brand,
To strive as best beseems a knight
For King and Fatherland!'

They met the foe, the patriot host
Fought gloriously that day—
Oh, broken was the Moslem's shield,
Dispersed his proud array!

For who could stem the rushing tide,
Resist that fearless band,
Whose battle-cry their purpose told,
'For King and Fatherland!'

Back to the city, laurel-crowned,
The knight returned in state,
Before the lady of his love
He knelt with heart elate:
'My task is done, I come to thee'
(She clasped his manly hand),
'Our King is firm upon his throne
And free our Fatherland!'

THE ECHO.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF PRUTZ.)

A maiden wandered in distress,
Weeping, amid the wilderness;
Alone, alone—her mother dead,
She would not now be comforted.
She fills the woods with plaintive cries,
And mocking Echo back replies:
'Oh, where art thou, my mother dear?'
And hark! far Echo answers—'Here!'

She listened long, her heart grief-stirred,
From whence comes that sweet welcome word!
Looks to the vale, the hill, the sky,
Like startled deer prepared to fly,
Then rushes through the bush and thorn,
With bleeding feet and garments torn,
Filling the woods with plaintive cries,
While mocking Echo still replies:
'Oh, where art thou, my mother dear?'
Again far Echo answers—'Here!'

Thus came she to a lake's fair strand,
Where flowers bloomed bright on either hand;
There rose and rosemary are seen,
And weeping willows thick and green.
The lake with its cerulean hue,
Was like her mother's eye of blue,
And ripplets as they danced along,
Seemed singing sweet her cradle-song:
'Oh, where art thou, my mother dear?'
And soft the waters whisper—'Here!'

Then swells with eager joy her heart,
Kindles her eye, her griefs depart,
And in the wave swift plunges she,
'Oh, mother dear, I come to thee!'

SONG.

Air: 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.'

Think of me often, oh, my love,
Though sad our lot may be,
And dark the cloud which intervenes
And parts me thus from thee;
Though cruel foes around thee throng,
Thy body to enchain,
They cannot force the faithful heart
In bondage to remain.

Though to all eyes, whene'er we meet,
As strangers we must be,
Though I may hear thy steps no more,
Beneath the trysting tree—
Yet I will glean sweet meaning from
The waving of thy hand,
And read a secret in thy glance
Which none may understand.

Think of me often, mine own love,
At morn and dewy eve,
Oh, let thy tender heart from mine
The strength of faith receive ;
For hope soft whispers in my ears,
The night will soon be gone,
And fraught with radiant joy for us
A brighter day will dawn !

ON AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH.

Some drops of water sprinkled on this card
Reveal a picture that here latent lies,
And if for science this be *not* too hard,
Can it be difficult to God allwise?

Such is the 'red-leaved tablet' of the heart.
A film may come across it and conceal
What there is traced—but God a ray may dart
That in an instant shall its print reveal.

Oh, awful moment when that lightning flash
Shall rend the veil and show the naked soul !
Better the mountains on our heads should crash,
Better the billows should above us roll!

The page which most minutely paints our deeds
And inmost thoughts is that eternal fire
Which never dies, but on its victim feeds,
For ever and for ever kindling higher.

Now in the appointed hour let us repair
To Him whose blood can wash each branded stain,
So shall the fire be quenched, nor we despair
In the dread day when Righteousness shall reign.

Washed in that fountain let our tablet lie
As fair as in our morning's happiest prime,
Reflecting, like a lake, the azure sky
In all its pure magnificence sublime.

LINES.

LUKE XIV. 28–30.

—And whosoever doth not bear
His cross in patience and come after Me
Cannot be Mine; for which of you that hear
Intending in his heart to build a tower,
Sits not down first and reckons up the cost,
Whether to finish it he have enough?
Lest, haply when th' foundations have been laid
He be not able to complete his work
And all that see it mock him, saying thus—
Behold! this man began erewhile to build
And could not finish.
Lord! in these precious words
Ofttimes I find within my heart of hearts
Strong consolation and a priceless hope.
Hast Thou not called me, and begun to build?
Didst not Thou reckon up at first the cost?
Knewest Thou not my vileness, when Thou calledst?
Yes—surely, Thou didst reckon up the cost.
And in the Book, I note, the apostle saith,
In fullest confidence of this very thing,
That He which hath a good work in our souls
Begun, will finish and perfect the same
Until the day of Christ.
So in this trust
I live what else were but an aimless life
And joyless, and, God granting, in this trust
Shall yield up life when summoned hence away.

THE CHILD'S FAREWELL.

'Papa, papa, am I yet dead?'
Thus spoke the child from slumber waking.
'No, dear, we all are round your bed,
And, see, the glorious day is breaking!'

'If I still live, whence come these here—
These lovely figures that surround me?
Behold! on all sides they appear—
White robes and wings. What spell hath bound me?

'Lo! rainbow tints; lo! golden zones;
Afar off, lo! a gleaming portal!
And music, hark! what melting tones!
They speak of life, of life immortal:

'Hands beckon me, and voices say—
Listen, for you may hear them clearly—
"Come little child, come, come away;"
I go, but yet I love you dearly.'

She said and smiled, and then she slept.
Can Death assume so sweet a semblance?
The parents by the bedside wept,
And treasured up each fond remembrance.

Soon at the door was heard a knock,
In stepped the old and faithful servant;—
'Our lamb is gathered to the flock;
'Tis ours to weep, and pray more fervent.'

'Hath she indeed then passed away?
I've hastened, for, no form beholding,
Her little arms, at break of day,
Around my neck I felt her folding.

'She kissed me as she oft was wont;
I knew, I knew, it was no other;
Gray hues had streaked the night's black front'—
'Just then she left us,' said the mother.

SONNET.

The flora of the Himalayas, and indeed of all great mountain chains within the tropics, is most varied and extensive.—*Hooker's Journal.*

On Teesta's slopes bloom flowers of every clime:
The golden cistus and the 'rath primrose,'
The dainty crocus, white as Alpine snows,
The azure eyebright and the fragrant thyme,
Daisies as pure as stars in autumn prime,
And wild musk-roses whose soft leaves expose
A lovelier crimson than the blush that glows
At early morn on Kanchun's crest sublime;
Blue speedwells, and laburnums burning red,
And lilies proud, brimful of chaste disdain,
And pansies barred with lines of blackest dye,
And kingcups tender as the evening sky,
And snowdrops pale, that hang the pensive head
Lowly and meek as weeping Magdalene.

LINES.

The sisters sing with thrilling power
From yonder lofty convent tower,
But sweeter sing (I hear and say)
The faithful linnets who last May
Built close beside the bank which bounds
The abbey's trim-kept garden-grounds.

I often pass the pair at morn,
Close nestling on a forked thorn;
Beneath them, in a hedgerow green,
Their lonely dwelling lurks half seen,
A wattled gem of beauty rare,
Lined thick with carded wool and hair,
And in its cup, like specks of light,
Gleam tiny eggs of purest white.

SONNET.

THE NEPALI PEASANT.

Nursed with the eagle's brood, afar from men,
A simple hind, the hardy mountaineer
Lives on wild herbs and waters sparkling clear
And chestnuts gathered in the bosky glen;
Yet is he happy as the lonely wren
Warbling by fits her hymns of lofty cheer,
At shut of eve on Kanchun's summit drear,
Hid in her nest from blasts and human ken.
Nor lacks he patriot zeal to keep his land
Of snow and fog and chasms yawning wide,
From foreign insult,—witness that bold band
Of England's sons, who, vainly struggling, died
Urged to the contest by unjust command
Of despot rulers—by Gillespie's side.

SONNET.

Thou wert the playmate of my childhood's day,
The glad companion of my youthful year:
Ah, what a golden time that was! How clear
My morn! Hope's flowers how fresh and gay!
And when I girt me for life's desperate fray
In manhood's prime, I found thee ever near
With ready help, wise counsels, and sincere,—
True guide and steadfast on my toilsome way.
'Twas thou who led'st me through the bright parterre
Of Poesy. I too have dared to raise
In my poor garden, with incessant care,
Some timid buds, which fly the unpitying gaze
Of public eye. For thee I've brought them here,
An offering of gratitude and praise.

SONNET.

(ON SEEING LITTLE HEMY WITH A BABY-DOLL.)

Play on, play on, my fair and artless child,
While yet thy sky with rainbow hues is bright,
While yet upon thy forehead rests the light
Of heaven, by sin and sorrow undefiled.
I see thy eyes, so dove-like, clear, and mild,
Bent on thy mimic babe with pure delight
And serious looks. I feel at such sweet sight,
Though worn and wounded, with life reconciled.
Play on, my child! enjoy the transient boon,
And rock thy baby-doll upon thy knee;
No cares are thine, thy path lies flower-bestrewn;
A mother's lot seems now all joy to thee.
Dreamer,—alas! thou wilt but know too soon
The bitter griefs of sad maternity.

MY LIFE.

When first I left the pleasant shade
Of academic bowers,
I thought that this bright world was made
Of sunshine and of flowers,
And panted, my book-labours o'er,
Its fairy regions to explore.

The path I trod was large and fair,
Life's heaven with colours gay;
Nor painful doubts, nor grief, nor care
Threw shadows on my way;
Around, above, a joyous scene,
A smiling earth, a sky serene.

High health dispelled all prudent fears,
Joy sparkled in my eyes,
Hope softly whispered in my ears,
'The world before thee lies,
Enjoy it ere sets in the night,
Drink deep the nectar of delight!'

And Fancy—poets know her well—
Before me smiling passed,
And, by her arts and subtle spell
Such glamour o'er me cast,
That, oh, I thought, in mute surprise,
This earth's indeed a paradise.

And friends there were, not one nor few—
I trusted in their faith—
Who vow'd that they should aye be true
And steadfast unto death;
They told me that to me were given
The blessings of the earth and heaven.

Thus year succeeded year, but still,
Untouched by grief and care,
I plucked the flowers and rov'd at will
Through Pleasure's bright parterre:
The world was mine, its prize I won,
And did what I should ne'er have done.

(But O the futile dreams of youth!
How soon they fade, and leave
Behind Reality and Truth:
'Tis then we mourn and grieve,
Tis then we fondly, vainly yearn
For hours which never will return.)

Soon, on the far horizon's bound,
Thick clouds in masses rose,
The thunder's deep and muttered sound
First roused me from repose.
Was quenched 'neath dark Misfortune's pall
The light that erst had shone o'er all.

Too late I woke to find my dreams
But idle dreams and vain.
The breezy hills, the sparkling streams,
The flower-enamelled plain,
The sky of one unclouded blue,
All vanished from my straining view.

The blast from bleak affliction's shore,
In fitful gusts rushed free.
Where then were those true friends who swore
To stand and fall with me?
They left me hard beset, alone,
Their victim spoiled,—their work was done.

Nor was this all. O! cruel Death,
Within my peaceful door,
Thy shadow fell, thy icy breath—
Woe, woe is me!—passed o'er
My cherished buds, my joy, my pride,
Ah! one by one they drooped and died.

Where should the blighted wanderer fly?
To him the earth seemed bare.
Around he turned his weary eye,
'Twas darkness everywhere;
Within his heart, upon his way,
The deep'ning midnight shadows lay.

The pangs of anguish, keen and drear
Within his bosom preyed;
Bereft of joys which made life dear,
By friends and foes betrayed,
Where should the stricken wanderer go?
Was there no rest for him below?

Such were the wildering thoughts which swept
Across my dizzy brain,
I bowed my aching head and wept
Hot bitter tears of pain,
And thought, 'Oh, utter misery!
E'en God hath now forsaken me.'

O Lord, in this my darksome hour,
When doubt and fell despair
And sinful thoughts on me had power,
Thou heard'st my humble prayer;
My eyes were touched, and I could see
The narrow road which led to Thee.

Blest be thy chastening hand, O Lord,
Which turned me from 'my ways;'
May heart and soul, with sweet accord,
Pour loud the hymn of praise;
For I was dead, but in the grave,
E'en there thy arm was strong to save.

LINES.

When from the dewsprent rose the blustering wind
Steals leaf by leaf away,
Sighs the sad flower to leave no trace behind,
No record of its day?

When the fair colours in the rainbow laid,
Dissolve in heaven's own hue,
Weep they to find their glories blend and fade
Into the pristine blue?

When stars on stars before the rising sun
Sink down and disappear,
Mourns any that its brief career is run,
And leaves no vestige here?

Why then should man alone indulge in grief,
Or ever wish to give
A frail memorial of his sojourn brief
To those who later live?

What the necessity of an earthly fame,
Or monument, or mound,
To one who in the Book of Life, his name
Shall see, if faithful found?

SONNET.

THE INDIAN PASSION FLOWER.

I love the rose that to the fainting air
  Expands its precious leaflets one by one,
  The lotus love, that to the rising sun
With bashful pride reveals it chalice rare;
But less my love the rose and lotus share
  Than thy retiring buds, thou pensive nun!
  That ope their bosoms when the shower is done,
And rock and valley lucid garments wear.
Beneath thy leafy thatch, for ever dear,
  Sheltered from glancing drops and piercing wind,
Thoughtful I sit, as night advances near,
  While all these circlets with deep purple lined
In fragrance murmur to each other clear
  That old, old story, never out of mind.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

How shall I sing to Thee, O God;
  How shall I sing to Thee?
With a sin-worn heart and a lip impure,
  How call on Purity?

And where shall fitting words be found,
  To utter what I feel,
For all Thy bounties and Thy love,
  That chastens but to heal.

My lot was low, but Thou didst give
  To me an earthly dower,
And smiling Plenty on me waits,
  And Leisure, hour by hour.

My grounds were bare, but at Thy nod
Up sprung the fruitful vine,
And the olive branches—grant them, God,
A life more pure than mine.

But not for these, though dear the gifts,
Now would I bless Thy name;
There is a promise dearer yet,
Which from Thy own lips came.

A promise dear, most dear, most loved,
A promise ever blest—
'*Ye heavy-laden, come to me,*
And I will give you rest.'

When tired of worldly griefs and joys,
It's music to the ear
Seems sweeter far than songs of birds,
Or waters murmuring clear.

O words of everlasting peace!
O anchors for the heart!
As all through life ye've done—in death
Your healing balm impart.

CHRIST'S MAJESTY.

(SUGGESTED BY A NOTE IN ALFORD'S NEW TESTAMENT FOR ENGLISH READERS.)

He had not form nor comeliness, but yet
A majesty sublime, which those who saw,
Could not resist—o'ercome with sudden awe,
As unawares their Sovereign they had met.

Nor was this awe deterrent; it would let
The awe-struck nearer to His presence draw;
There to receive His slightest words as law;
So plain the seal upon His forehead set.
The spirit shone the countenance beneath,
Like a bright sword that glimmers through its sheath.

Needed we proofs of this mysterious power,
How many might we gather from the Book:
The call of Matthew with a word and look,
To the apostle's work and heavenly dower;
The clearance of the temple in an hour
Of holy zeal; the scene that Raffaele took
For his last picture, when our Lord forsook
The mountain (remnants of the glory shower,
Haply still visible on His placid face),
And crowds, amazed, ran forward to the place;

And, last, the dark betrayal in the night,
When those who came to seek Him backward fell
At the bare words they heard Him simply tell,
'Lo, I am he!' O central Light of light,
If in this vale of tears Thou shon'st thus bright,
What a resplendence, clear, ineffable,
Must now be Thine, where holy angels dwell,
And saints redeemed, with vestments glistening white;
Where aye is heard the far-resounding song,
'Honour, and praise, and power to Thee belong.'

SONNET.

RAPIDS OF THE BALASUN.

How would they wrong thy nature, lonely stream,
Who, judging from these leaps, these chidings wild,
Would think thee restless as a moody child
Tortured with burning pain and feverish dream;
For past these falls, soft as the fragrant steam
Wafted from green earth after rainfalls mild,
Thou creep'st with opposition reconciled,
A thread of silver, or a lone sunbeam.
On autumn eves, when faint the north wind blows
O'er the bleak moors, by leafless covert-side,
E'en the wren's warble suits not thy repose;
O'er mossy stones so soft thy waters glide,
White nurseling of Dewdanga's stainless snows,
Joy of the woods, the lonely herdboy's pride.

SONNET.

Landour I saw when winter ruled the sky;
Fled were the laughing flowers, the lonely wren
Warbled its music to the listening glen,
Tender and low as lover's firstborn sigh.
O'er frowning crags, o'er pine-trees towering high,
East, west, and north, as far as eye could ken,
O'er leafless woods, deep chasms, and homes of men,
The soft white snows, suntipt, shone placidly.
The groves were bare, yet thus, in white robes drest,
Landour was lovely as a May-day queen,
Secure, warm, silent as the martin's nest,
Half hid by lichened rocks and alders green,
What time the clouds shroud Colver's ample breast,
And northern winds in Deyrah's groves pipe keen.

SONNET.

CHINI IN KOONAWAR.

Where rugged Meru frowns with brow austere,
Like a soft strain of soothing harmony,
By discord rude, beneath a glorious sky,
Warm, azure, radiant, exquisitely clear,
With granite ramparts in her front and rear,
Lies lonely Chini! the wild cuckoo's cry
Rings through her spicy groves incessantly,
And plenteous harvests crown her genial year.
Bounded by pine-woods dark, in clover dight,
Or in gay fern and purple heath arrayed,
Her pastures small, by contrast apposite,
Seem fairy islands with rich gems inlaid,
Rising 'mid gloomy seas, or circlets bright
Of stationary sunshine, set in shade.

CONSIDER THIS!

(FROM THE GERMAN OF PEHLING.)

When care-oppressed, thy peace of mind,
And joys, and hopes, and comforts flee,
If then, 'mid thousands, thou dost find
One friend to stand and fall by thee,
Repine not! for thou art not poor,
Since *one* true heart rests firm and sure.

When mortal anguish rends thy soul,
At cruel Fate's relentless will,
And dark Despair without control
Engenders bitter thoughts of ill,
Despond not! past the gloomy night,
A morning breaks more clear and bright.

When vexed with self thou dost awaken
To sense of shameful deeds of sin;
And, fancying thyself forsaken,
Dost let rebellion rage within,
Oh, droop not! for abides with thee
A thing that yet will make thee free.

It is that gem from heaven above,
God's gift to those who groan in pain,
Though all be lost, Eternal Love
Steadfast with thee will still remain;
Bear up, then, fainting heart! nor fear,
Though dark the night, the prospect drear.

Thou doubtest? Think'st that such a worm
As thou should'st get God's fostering care;
Look round thee, and then dare affirm
His love cannot be everywhere;
That He who hears the raven's cry,
Will pass thy woes unheeded by.

Courage! and bravely learn to bear
Whate'er the fates to thee award,
Who high would rise must proudly dare
Life's dangers rude, its trials hard:
Then 'Faith and Nerve' thy motto be;
The crown of triumph waits for thee!

SONNET.

(WRITTEN AFTER READING CAPTAIN REID'S 'HUNTERS FEAST.')

What pleasure the undaunted hunter feels
On the wide prairie, in the pathless wood!
Where it is but one vast green solitude,
Where Nature her minutest charms reveals.
Here the wild panther from his covert steals,
There splashes in the solitary flood
The graceful swan with all her snowy brood,
While high in air the royal eagle wheels.
The buffalo, along the boundless plain,
Sweeps madly in vast herds far-stretched and dun.
High leaps his heart as fast, with loosened rein,
He chases them beneath the sultry sun;
And you might hear his shout, and then again
The sharp loud ringing of his rifle-gun.

SONNET.

With silken sails, o'er Life's bright rippling sea,
In youth's springtime my skiff careerèd fast,
The future smiled, flower-covered was the past,
And Pleasure's perfumed breeze blew soft and free.
By Folly steered, it drifted, Lord, from Thee.
I recked not where it went, until at last
Full suddenly the sky was overcast,
A horror of great darkness compassed me.
Nor moon nor star appeared in heaven to guide
My hapless bark. Oh, then what blank despair,
Alone and friendless on the waters wide!
Humbled and crushed I bowed me down in prayer.
That prayer was heard; far fled the shades of night,
'Let there be light,' Thou said'st, and there was light!

LINES.

(SEE WORDSWORTH'S LINES COMMENCING 'SO FAIR, SO SWEET, WITHAL SO SENSITIVE.')

The prince of poets, gazing on a flower
That threw its star-shaped shadow on a stone,
Mused in his spirit, 'Would it had the power
To blossom conscious of its beauty lone,
And feel the pleasure pure that it imparts
To simple, childlike, loving human hearts.'

And thence his 'bold desire' soared higher up,
High as the sun: 'Ah, would the sun might know
How by his "sovereign aid" each bell and cup,
Ruby or amber, learns to blush and glow,
And grass grows greener underneath his ray,
And waters laugh rejoicing in the day.'

Nor stayed his venturous fancy at the sun,
But elsewhere winged her way: 'If she whose light
Rules with its magic influence the night
Were so endowed, how would our hearts be won
With her fair countenance, and oh what love
Would softly beam upon us from above!'

'Fond fancies,' that, in rougher, sterner mood,
He deemed air-castles, profitless and vain;
But are they wholly idle? Whence intrude
Such 'fancies' on us, o'er and o'er again,
In thoughtful hours? Whence comes it that we see
Some glimpses of them, sacred Book, in thee!

The 'living waters' of the crystal stream,
The altar's speaking horns,* the tree of life,

* Rev. ix. 13.

Are these but figures? is the whole a dream?
It cannot be: that atmosphere is rife
With consciousness, and what the bard surmised
Was simply 'fancy'—*there* is realised.

NIGHT COMETH.

JOHN IX. 4.

The wind to music stirs the leaves,
The ripples break the bush-fringed stream,
The day hath melted like a dream,
The throne and sceptre now are eve's.

The wheeling ravens seek their nest,
They know the aspects of the sky;
The busy bees hum swiftly by,
The loosened cattle stand at rest.

Oh, labourer in the harvest field,
Thy work perform while light remains;
On casements far, behold, it wanes,
And soon to utter night must yield.

Can any work without the light?
Or stay of hours the circling band?
The sheaves await thy gathering hand,
And near, and nearer, glides the night.

SONNET.

My Alpine villa on Hemmaven's brow
A prospect wide commands of vale and hill,
Green sunny pastures, and meand'ring rill,
Dark dwindled woods, and blank untrodden snow;
Cool bracing breezes round it freely blow,

And naught disturbs the slumber soft and still
That laps the grounds, save when with tuneful bill
Her song the stock-dove trills in accents low.
Hard by, the Guardian Genius of the place,
A lonely pinetree by a noiseless stream,
Its massy foliage lifts with matchless grace,
Fit canopy from scorching noonday beam,
For Dian panting from the toilsome chase,
Or lonely poet lost in mazy dream.

SONNET.

TERAI—DISTANT PROSPECT OF THE HILLS.

The arching alders with dank moisture shone—
Above, around, the wild vine, as I past,
Waved in slow cadence to the fever blast,
Sweeping in fitful gusts with languid moan.
The thick white mist on mouldering stem and stone,
As evening closed, a fearful shroud rolled fast,
The blinding darkness round her mantle cast,
And quenched my hopes ere half the woods were won;
A dip! a rise! clean vanished mist and shade,
And blissful Eden swam at once to sight!
Clear tops of distant hills, a smiling glade,
And modest farms, blue skies, and pastures bright,
And terraced slopes with grass and flower inlaid,
Bathed in a flood of autumn's golden light.

SONNET.

Like a great temple built to Nature's God,
Kanchun uprears his stately form in air;
A crown of stainless snow his turrets wear,
And virgin forests o'er the basement nod.
No tourist seeks him, but the fissures broad

That trench his ample side, the glaciers bright
On his wide slopes, are sacred to my sight;
The ground on which he stands is sainted sod.
When life hangs heavy, and sharp cares and woes
Vex the smooth current of my tranquil mind,
While sunset bathes his loftiest cone in light,
How often peaceful thoughts and calm delight,
And soothing hopes, and sadness mild I find,
In his rich colours and his still repose!

SONNET.

The summer rain is o'er, the fields assume
A greener robe; the gentle birds again
Fill the lone valley with their joyous strain;
The air is heavy with the rich perfume
From harebell sweet, and musk-rose in full bloom.
Oh, that I could for ever here remain,
To wander o'er the field, through flowery lane,
And quit for aye the city's smoke and gloom!
Who would not like to rest by this bright rill,
And listen to the whispers of the breeze,
And learn the songs the amorous night-birds trill,
And watch, as slowly o'er the dark-green trees
The star of eve lifts up her golden crown:
Ah, who would not for these forsake the noisy town!

SONNET.

(SEETAKOOND; MONGHYR.)

A hot and steaming spring, as crystal clear,
Up-bubbles from the bowels of the earth;
No eye has seen the cradle of its birth,
Far underground 'mid caverns dark and drear.
Unshapely temples all around appear,

And banians huge, rough-gnarled, of ample girth;
A sacred spot, by pilgrims held in worth,
Who come from far to bathe and worship here.
They say that Seeta, fairest of the fair,
Once laved in this her limbs when roaming free,
And hence the waters have received a share
Of her warm heart and stainless purity;
A sweet romance, a legend quaint and rare,
But marred by taint of foul idolatry.

CHARADE.

At eve the lovers sadly met
Beneath the linden tree;
And at the thought that they must part
Her tears flowed fast and free.
'Faithful till death,' he swore to her,
By all the saints above;
And on my *Second* gently pressed,
The tender seal of love.

They parted—to my *First* he sailed
Across the stormy main,
How many a weary year must pass
Ere he returns again!
Pray for thy love, O, gentle heart,
In faith unceasing pray;
That He who rules the winds and waves
May keep him safe alway.

Three years have sped, now homeward bound,
Farewell to foreign strand!
The good ship cleaves the surging foam,
By favouring breezes fanned.
Like a thing of life she hastens o'er
The broad and billowy sea;

Speed on, speed on, thou gallant bark,
Fond hearts await for thee.

The much-loved land is reached at last,
She anchored where my *All*,
Frowns o'er the bay, and guards the coast,
With tower and flanking wall.
Our sailor lad leapt light on shore,
And ere a week had flown,
The bells rung out a joyous peal,
The lady was his own.

WORDSWORTH.

There are some faces I have never seen
Which haunt my spirit like a music-strain;
There are some places where I've never been
Which stand minutely pictured on my brain.
Thus be it ever—for oh! less serene
The light of stars reflected in the main,
Than these my fancies. May thy grave be green,
Thou Gifted One! Thou hast not writ in vain!
Bruges in evening, 'in the sunless hour,'
With silent avenues, and streets grass-grown!
The goat-herd child, neglected and alone,
With 'touching smile!' And that just opening flower,
The Scottish maid, whose beauty was her 'dower'!
These let me name, and be the rest unknown.

LINES.

I long, full weary, home to go,
I yearn to have my holiday;
I'm sick of earth—I cannot stay—
On, stream of time! swift, swifter flow!

Hast thou thy work appointed done,
And used the talent that was lent?
On special errand wert thou sent;
Has all thy course been fairly run?

Ah, no! An idler from a child,
Unhallowed passed in sin my hours,
And on the vine, which suns and showers
Blest duly, all the grapes are wild.

Art thou then ready to appear
Where thou must render full account?
I'll trust in Him, of Life the fount,
Who pays in blood the long arrear.

For He hath said, and saith to me,
The bruised reed He will not break,
Nor quench the smoking flax, but make
The judgment end in victory.

SONNETS.

I.

Most loving is my eldest and I love him most;
Almost a man in seeming, yet a child;
And may it long be thus! I would not boast;
But of his age who taller? less defiled?
My next, the beauty of our home, is meek;
Not so deep-loving haply, but less wild
Than her dear brother;—brow and blushing cheek
Her nature show, serene, and pure, and mild
As evening's early star. And last of all,
Puny and elf-like, with dishevelled tresses,
Self-willed and shy, ne'er heeding that I call,
Intent to pay her tenderest addresses
To bird or cat,—but most intelligent,
This is the family which to me is lent.

II.

To me *is* 'lent'—*was* rather—one is gone,
Gone where the 'many mansions' glorious rise;
The one most loving, in whose innocent eyes,
As in a mirror, his pure nature shone;
And I am left heart-broken and alone
With weary mind to count the weary days.
Oh happy hours! when dwelt with me mine own;
Your very memory half my grief allays,
Whispering, what matters if we part awhile?
Love never dies, and there no parting's known;—
The hour approaches, soon the morn must smile,
And I shall stand before the awful throne
With him my loved one, where the ransomed raise
The never-ending hymn of prayer and praise.

SONNET.

Unlike her weak compeers from Ankhee's snows,
Gunga leaps up indignant to the light,
A boisterous torrent, decked with foamballs white
In endless clusters on her dauntless brows;
The solid rock beneath her ceaseless blows
Throbs to the centre:—but soon spent with fight,
She seeks a placid lake, like silver bright,
And sinks exhausted to a calm repose.
Reissuing thence her docile waves pursue,
Down the broad vale, their course with tranquil mien,
O'er pebbles streaked with veins of softest hue,
Shaking the laughing flowers and alders green,
And tufts of holly, moist with gleaming dew,
Where wrens close nestle when the blast is keen,

SONNET.

(1858.)

While ruthless wars around our cities roll,
And marts re-echo the wild cry of fear,
Far from all noise by Teesta's current clear,
Oh for the maple dish and beechen bowl!
The hermit's life, from childhood, was the goal
Of all my thoughts,—but now the joys severe
Of the lone cell, hemmed in by mountains drear,
With double power attract my longing soul.
How sweet, while moonlight silvers wood and lawn,
To 'sleep with upward face,' or pipe at ease;
Or to cull simples ere the meek-eyed dawn
Hath fringed with golden light the solemn trees;
Or yet to rove in valleys far withdrawn,
Cheered by the linnet's song and whispering breeze.

SONNET.

Some trees there are whose growth can never fade;
Whom nor the woodman's axe nor time can harm;
Around their trunks is woven such a charm
Of potent memories. An umbrageous shade
Is ever theirs; they stand in green arrayed,
In frosty winter, as when skies are warm;
The levin bolt and tempest's wild alarm
Their interlacing branches ne'er upbraid.
Witness the sycamore where Zaccheus sate;
The four fraternal yews of Borrowdale;
The wind-saluted fig by Ilium's gate;
The oak where Charles—a weary wight and pale—
Safe from the sullen roundhead's deadly hate,
Was lulled to sleep by autumn's whispering gale.

SONG.

(AIR : MOZART'S 'DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE.')

I love thee as I never loved,
All doubts and fears are past;
My heart that long has idly roved
Has found its home at last.

I seem to breathe a purer air,
Life has new charms for me,
Since thou hast listened to my prayer,
And promised mine to be.

To me this earth seems paradise,
Its glorious angel thou;
So fair thy form, so bright thine eyes,
So pure thy thoughtful brow.

I almost fancy that I dream;
Can such glad lot be mine?
Such rapture rare, such bliss supreme,
Such ecstasy divine!

No, no—'tis no delusive dream,
I hold thee in my arm;
I see thy looks upon me beam,
I feel thy kisses warm.

To rend this strong yet tender tie,
All human power is vain;
A love like ours will never die,
But stedfast aye remain.

TO THE SUNSHINE.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

O bright sunshine ! O glad sunshine !
Thou wakest with thy rays divine
Such ardent longings in my breast,
That I can neither sleep nor rest.

And house and heart seem too confined
To hold these yearnings of the mind,
So forth I wander, and I see
Young maidens too, lured out by thee.

O blithe sunshine, think'st thou that I
Can do as thou dost from on high,
Kiss each fair flower which blooms in grace,
And opes to meet thy warm embrace ?

Thou knowest well, O famed in song,
Such bliss can ne'er to me belong ;
Why torture then this heart of mine,
O bright sunshine ! O glad sunshine !

TO ——.

Whene'er I look upon thine eyes
I feel my sorrow pass away
Like mists that vanish from the skies
Before the genial sun of May.
Thy glossy curls of perfumed hair
That fall upon thy breast of snow,
Alas ! they caught me in their snare
When first I saw thee long ago.

And since, a captive I have pined
Without the power to turn and flee;—
O for one glance, one accent kind,
For all the love I bear to thee!
Thou look'st upon me as a friend,
Like any in the heartless crowd,
Who cannot even comprehend
Thy soft heart 'neath that bearing proud.

But I, who long have watched unknown
Thy ways from that base throng apart,
'Tis I can estimate alone
The treasures of thy priceless heart;
Others admire thy queenly grace,
Thy cheeks with colour bright and warm,
'Tis I alone can plainly trace
The angel in that human form.

I often thought my love to tell,
But feared,—when came the hour supreme,—
Lest thou should'st rudely break the spell
And wake me from my blissful dream;
I tremble when thy lily hand
I softly press—and look away;
Ah why canst thou not understand
The secret which my eyes betray!

Wilt thou not let my silent tears,
The weary day, the sleepless night,
Wilt thou not let my pangs and fears
Find pity in thy tender sight?
Long, long thy captive I have pined,
Without the power to turn and flee;—
Oh for one look, one accent kind,
For all the love I bear to thee!

LINES.

Oh hast thou felt the mystery of life?
Or is life still a holiday with thee?
Art thou loin-girded for a deathful strife—
Or sleep'st secure upon a waveless sea?

If thou hast lost a father or a son,
Thou must some glimpses of the truth have seen;
But journey patient till thy day be done;
It is no new thing which to thee hath been.

Yes, journey patient. What is more sublime
Than that, O mortal? Let the bosom heave,
For flesh will aye be flesh—but know 'tis crime
In reckless bitterness of soul to grieve.

Is it a loss? It rather is a gain;
Art thou not better for the chastening rod?
The peace that ever tracks the maddening pain
Uplifts the heart to glory and to God!

The memory of *that* day 'may ne'er be old';—
What then? The best affections of thy heart
Will cling around it; like the creeper's fold
Around the blasted tree—till life depart.

Then let no murmurs break, no wild tears fall;
Time's moonlight veil may rest, or ne'er descend
Upon that scene; what carest thou at all,
Thou who, as bidd'n, hold'st steadfast to the end?

CHRIST—OUR ALL.

A lion, cruel, fierce and strong,
  Or venomed serpent crawling near;
A glittering dagger, prompt to wrong,
  Or wine-cup holding poisoned cheer;
A precipice in the open light,
  Or quicksand on a darkening coast;
A foe that threatens ere he smite,
  Or treacherous friend; which dread we most?
And thus our sins we need less fear
Than what we reckon merits here.

It was for this,—the Apostle cried,
  I count all merits but as loss,
And only look on Him that died
  For me the death upon the cross.
He looked not back upon the past,
  He looked not on the show around,
But 'kept the faith' unto the last—
  In Christ his righteousness was bound.
A witness brave,—his heart-blood sealed
The truth by God to him revealed.

Like him, in one promiscuous heap
  Let us our sins and merits burn;
Like him, in ashes mourn and weep,
  Like him, in all obedience turn.
Like him, if need should ever rise,
  With our best blood the truth attest;
Like him, look upward to the skies,
  Like him, in hope contented rest,
And like him feel, with us,—as plain,
To live is Christ,—to die is gain.

SONNET.

'The Lord had given, the Lord hath ta'en away,'
'Twas thus the patient patriarch said of old;
To me those heartwrung words are strangely cold.
Is there a comfort in them? Scarce a ray.
Were it not better boldly thus to say—
The Lord hath gathered to His heavenly fold;
And if in firm belief His words I hold,
He will give back, and all my grief allay
In His due season? Give back, sanctified,
When I myself am pure. Oh holy God!
Grant that the lesson in my heart may bide,
The lesson taught me by Thy chastening rod;
And that my soul, with Thy blood sprinkled o'er,
May meet its best beloved—where we shall part no more.

THE FLIGHT OF HUMAOON.

Humaoon mounted his horse at midnight and fled towards Amercot, which is about 200 miles from Tatta. His horse on the way falling down dead with fatigue, he desired Tirdi Beg, one of his chiefs who was well mounted, to let him have his; but so ungenerous was this man and so low was royalty fallen, that he refused to comply with his sovereign's request. The troops of Maldeo were close at his heels, and one Koka dismounting his own mother gave the king her horse, and placing her on a camel ran himself on foot by her side.—Dow's *Hindostan.*

At midnight o'er the desert sands
The monarch fled alone,
And in the light of paly stars
His blood-stained armour shone.
Disbanded were his glorious ranks,
His bravest chieftains slain,
Yet o'er his wide ancestral realm
Once more he hoped to reign.

The gallant barb which he bestrode
Had travelled far from home,
And his dun hide on either side
Was wet with snow-white foam;
But minding not his toil he sped
As swiftly as the wind,
To save from foes his regal lord,
The kindest of the kind.

As horse and horseman onward passed,
Still feebler waxed the din,
The echoing tramp and deafening shout,
And roar of culverin.
'Thou bear'st me well, my barb,' he said,
'Thou bear'st me well this night,
And I with jewelled bit and band
Thy labours will requite.'

But ere another hour had passed,
Down falls the noble steed;
The king dismounts in fear and haste
And looks at him with heed,—
Distended nostrils, starting eyes
And stiffening limbs display,
That life with him is ebbing fast
And soon shall pass away.

Beyond the hills, by cloudlets ribbed,
The broad-disked moon appears,
And o'er the vasty sea of sand
Its crest of fire uprears;
And far a-down the glimmering glen
Advance with headlong haste
A hundred fugitives to seek
The refuge of the waste.

And Tirdi Beg, the veteran chief,
Among the troop was found,
The king accosted him by name,
But looked he not around;
He plied a-main his blood-stained spurs
And passed his lord with speed,—
Thus e'er the cringing race behave
When most their aid we need.

'Is it for this that from thy youth
I reared thee in my hall,
And favours heaped on thee and thine
From which ye feared no fall?
Is this the guerdon of my love
So equable and true?
This night, ungrateful Tirdi Beg,
This night thou'lt dearly rue.'

'Ho! Tirdi Beg,' brave Koka cried,
'Death light upon thy head,
Dost thou desert at utmost need
Him at whose board thou'st fed?
The flashing brand that's in my hand
Shall cleave thy skull in twain,
If e'er upon the tented field
I meet thee once again.

'My lord, my king, accept I pray
A subject's proffered love,
Who, though despised at camp and court,
Disloyal ne'er shall prove;
The steed that bore my mother safe,
Is at my king's command,
And she upon a camel fleet
Shall cross the sea of sand.

'The foe, the foe, I hear the drum,
The trumpet's echoing peal,
I see the waving of their flags,
The flashing of their steel.
A thousand dark plumes cloud the air,
A thousand flambeaux burn;
They speed, like eagles from their home,
Among the mountain fern.

'The earth shakes 'neath their chargers' tramp,
Mount, mount my liege in haste,
Ere like the wild and fierce Simoom
They sweep across the waste,
Where Tatta's mountains lift to heaven
Their diadems of snow,
Once more to rear thy banner high
Great king! we now must go.'

The borrowed steed, with lightning speed,
Forth darts into the wind,
The camel fleet brave Koka leads,
And follows close behind;
And many a hairbreadth 'scape they made
And trying toil o'ercame,
Till Tatta's lordly mountain peaks
Burst forth in garbs of flame.

And when, again, by heaven's decree
He won his fathers' throne,
He bade the heralds to proclaim
The deeds by Koka done;
Jewels and gold—his royal robe,
And lordly 'states he gave
To him who perilled his own life
His monarch's life to save.

FEAR NOT.

'Fear thou not.'—Isaiah xli. 10.

Fear not, mortal! though thy path
With gathering clouds be dim;
Not unwisely, but to chasten,
Sorrows come from Him.

If poor and helpless—pray for aid,
And aid will sure be given;
Remember that in days of yore
Manna fell from heaven.

Though the world desert thee, mortal,
Thou hast still a Friend;
The vastness of whose love for man
None can comprehend.

Guardian Angels will attend thee,
To smooth thy bed of pain,
And from them consolation flow,
Like balm on heart and brain.

Fear not Death—the dark transition
To a happier sphere,
Where the flowers bloom more lovely,
And the skies are clear.

Fear not Sin—Christ died to save
The sheep that went astray,
And souls that turn to Him in truth
He never casts away.

Look upon thy Saviour, mortal,
Mark the thorn-crown round His brow,
And for countless mercies bless Him
Evermore and *now.*

TO A STREAMLET.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF PEHLING.)

Greetings to thee, sparkling streamlet,
What a gentle voice is thine!
How the ripples on thy bosom
Lightly laugh and sweetly shine!

Moon and stars gaze kindly on thee,
And for thee the nightingale
Pours a flood of thrilling music,
Overflowing hill and vale.

Childhood's dreams are hovering near me,
And the past appeareth plain,
But the rosy days of childhood
Never will return again.

Even so recede thy waters
To their parent source no more;
Hasten to the heaving ocean,—
And their tranquil life is o'er!

O thou ever restless streamlet,
Faithful type of youth thou art!
Youth that rushes on to perish,
Spurning peace with reckless heart!

CHARADE.

Loud roared the storm-fiend over head,
The evening darker grew,
And covered with a sombre pall
The field of Waterloo.

But little recked those heroes bold,
Of storm or drenching rain,
They only longed to meet the foe
And conquer him again.

Around my First a bearded group,
Well-muffled you may see,
And though the night was chill and cold,
Their hearts were warm and free.
They sang of love, they talked of war,
The wine cup circled high,—
What cared they for the howling storm
Which swept the mid-night sky?

But one, a youth, sat there apart,
Nor joined the uproarious throng;
His heart was far away,—he heard
Nor ribald jest nor song.
He took my Second from his breast,
And kissed it o'er and o'er,
And prayed for her whose gift it was
When he left old England's shore.

But ah! in that dear island home
She'll weep and wait in vain,
Her lover true will ne'er return
To cheer her heart again.
The morrow comes,—the armies meet,—
Swift, swift the death-bolt flies,
My All clutched in his nerveless hand,
Cold, stiff, and stark he lies.

A PRAYER.

'Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.'—Psalm l. 15.

O! who can hear these gracious words of Thine,
Father in heaven! and not in lowliness
Prostrate himself, Thy saving love confess,
And in his heart of hearts this pledge enshrine,—
That Thou wilt heed, when wrung with bitter pain,
To Thee, O Lord, grief-stricken souls complain.

Therefore, a sinner I, with guilt and shame
Crushed to the dust, to dark despair a prey,
Fainting with fear along life's darksome way,
In hope will call upon Thy holy name:
Though hope seems distant, yet I will not fear,
For Thou hast said, my God, that Thou wilt hear.

O! strength and courage are without avail
In the fierce conflict with in-dwelling sin!
Rude foes without and ruder ones within
From every point my troubled mind assail:
To struggle vain,—on comes the threat'ning wave;
Lord, hear my drowning cry,—in mercy save!

Yes, Thou wilt save, Thy promise I believe,—
More steadfast than th' eternal rock it stands,
Thou hast engraved it in Thy royal hands!
To that, and only that my heart will cleave;
Firm in my trust I seek Thy mercy-seat;
O who has ever perished at Thy feet!

LINES.

O Lord of lords! O King of kings!
  Who wert, and art, and still shalt be,
Unchanging 'mid all changing things,
  The same through all eternity;

Who sittest on Thy heavenly throne
  Attended by the cherubim,
For Thee we long,—and Thee alone,
  Till hearts grow faint and eyes grow dim.

O Son of God—arrayed in might,
  Appear and reign, for all is Thine;
The wide creation waits Thy light,
  In travail groaning till it shine.

How long, O Lord, wilt Thou delay?
  How long, O Lord, shall sin enslave?
Dawn, dawn, thou bright millennial day,
  When we shall triumph o'er the grave.

Let knowledge of the Lord, in power
  The whole earth fill as waves the sea,
And man and nature gain the dower
  That glorifies and sets them free.

SONNET.

STARLIGHT.

I like this darkness better than the light,
  The garish light of day,—or that which steeps
The wood-tiara'd hill with lustre bright,
  When pale Diana rides the clouds or sleeps,

Glassed in the bosom of some stirless lake
  On which the southern wind so gently creeps
That scarce the seldom-absent ripples wake;—
  I like it better, for my bosom leaps,
When solemn silence binds the land and sea,
Such silence as in moonlight ne'er may be,
  And when the vast expanse with stars bestrown
  Seems farther off than ever—as alone
I gaze and gaze on its immensity,
  And think on loved ones that have thither flown.

TARRA BAEE.

Soortan being deprived of Thoda, by Lilla the Afgaun, occupied Bednore. His daughter, Tarra Baee, or 'the Star of Bednore,' stimulated by the reverses of her family, and by the incentives of its ancient glory, scorned the habiliments and occupations of her sex and devoted herself to manly sports and exercises. When princes made proposals for her hand, her answer was, 'Redeem Thoda and my hand is thine.'—TOD's *Rajasthan.*

She sat upon her palfry white,
  That damsel fair and young,
And from the jewelled belt she wore,
  Her trusty rapier hung;
And chieftains bold, and warriors proud,
Around her formed a gallant crowd.

A helmet clasped her forehead fair,
  A shield was by her side—
The helmet was of polished steel—
  The shield of bison's hide;
And as she spoke, the evening air
Disported with her raven hair.

'From girlhood, I have shunned the sports
  In which our sex delight,
And learnt instead to use the sword,
  And wield the falchion bright;

To meet the tigress turned to bay,
And guide the war-horse in the fray.

'From girlhood, I have vowed a vow
Our honour to redeem,
And make my noble father's name
Of every song the theme;
To rescue Thoda from the slave
Who lives to fill a coward's grave.

'And till my life-blood's purple flow
Stands stagnant in my veins,
That early vow to see fulfilled
I'll spare nor strength, nor pains—
To those who join me in the war
I'll be a radiant beacon star!

'My hand—'tis his who foremost scales
The ramparts of the foe,
And to the wicked Lilla deals
The dread avenging blow;
Go, warriors—these alone decide
The man who wins me as his bride.'

WORSHIP.

I walked the fields at break of day,
And by the hedge espied
A small white flower, that bloomed alone
In beauty—not in pride.

And down-dropt were the soft blue eyes
Of that sequestered nun!
As fast advancing, streamed around
The first light of the sun.

An air of pensiveness about
Its modest worth was thrown,
And from its little heart arose
A fragrance, all its own.

Ah! few, said I, now know the spot
Thou gracest silently,
And fewer yet shall mourn, fair flower,
When thou wilt cease to be.

Methought the Spirit of the flower
Did softly make reply,
'Though lonely, I am truly blest,
I worship, and I die.'

CHARADE.

Sir Harry sat in the strong old tower,
Entrapp'd in his own snare!
Dark thunder-cloud upon his brow,
And in his heart despair.
He cursed his rashness,—cursed his fate,
For luckless was the day
When he allowed vain dreams of power
To lead his steps astray.
Fiercely he paced the narrow room,
His look was black and grim,—
He swore against the crafty knaves
Who thus could cozen him.

A week had flown, they brought him forth—
The bells lugubrious tolled,
His face was pale, but firm he walked
With martial steps and bold:

He laid my Second on my First,
  And kissed the cross he wore,
The drums gave out a muffled peal,
  His woes at last were o'er.
Why did Sir Harry, like a fool,
  Obey vain Glory's call?
To win a name he lost my Last,
  And proved himself my All.

TO ——.

'Before I asked a portion of thy heart
I perill'd all my own ——.' *The Hunchback*, act ii. sc. 3.
'On oublie en aimant s'il existe d'autres objets que celui de son affection.'
MADAME DE RICCOBONI.

I saw thee in the festive hall,
  The gayest of the throng,
When round the cheerful circle passed
  The wine-cup and the song.
The smile upon thy glorious face,
  The love-light in thine eye—
In vain my yielding heart essayed
  Their magic to defy;
Spell-bound I stood in mute surprise,
And gazed upon thy queenly eyes.

Then music with his 'golden tongue'
  Bade dancers to prepare!
Alas! that happiness with thee
  It was not mine to share:
Then gentle arms were round each waist,
  Then sighs and whispers fanned
The blushing cheek, then hand returned
  The pressure soft of hand;
And still I watched, as in a trance,
The mazes of that graceful dance.

Thy fairy figure clothed in light,
A spirit of the air!
Before me passed—while brightly gleamed
The jewels in thy hair.
O beauteous girl! I know not why
Thy smile so frank and free,
The fire that flashes from thine eye,
Should have such power o'er me,—
That, knowing thou canst ne'er be mine,
I still pay homage at thy shrine.

THE FLIGHT OF RANA SANGA.

(VIDE ERSKINE'S 'INDIA,' VOL. I. P. 474.)

'The day is lost, my lord, my king! your wearied soldiers fly,
Delay not ere it be too late; the accursed foe is nigh:
Mount, mount upon your Arab steed, and never draw your rein
Until the utmost lines are passed of your own fair domain.

Mount, mount in haste, my liege, for hark! upon the breezes come
The rushing tread of thousands, the sounds of trump and drum;
And see! look up!—from yonder slope, with plumes all floating proud,
Their mail-clad knights and nobles charge through dust, and smoke, and cloud.'

Round turned the monarch at these words, and sure his troubled eye
Plumes wildly tossed, and burnished helms, and pennons could descry,

And far before the glittering files, like lightnings in their play,
He saw proud Baber's horsemen dash red-reeking from the fray.

There was trouble on the monarch's brow, but in his heart no fear,
As with his mailèd hand he brushed a large and bitter tear;
He gazed upon his chiefs and sighed, 'This is a day of woe,
The Chohan flag did ne'er retreat before a conquering foe;

The Chohan flag *will* ne'er retreat, nor ever in dismay
Its brave defenders leave it, the insulting foeman's prey.
Come forward ye, my comrades all, and form an iron ring
Around your country's standard, around your sovereign king!'

Outspake a bearded Rajpoot chief—the fire flashed from his eye—
'There lacks no true and loyal heart for his home and hearth to die,
There lacks no true and loyal heart to shed where he doth stand
The very last drops of his life for his king and fatherland.

But thou, my liege, must leave the field, and wait a better day,
And I with my stout followers will keep the foe in play.
Oh, fly, my lord! and live to see—nay, never sternly frown—
The lotus standard proudly wave o'er Moslem tower and town.'

Much grieved the king these words to hear, his looks
were high and bold:
'This very night, my gallant chiefs, we'll storm the
tyrant's hold,
This very night we will avenge our loyal soldiers' fall,
To-morrow's dawn will see our flag o'er yonder capital.'

He spurred his charger, and like thought had passed
the ranks of war,
And galloped on, and never stopt—o'er brake, and
bush, and scaur;
Meanwhile the little Rajpoot band stood close in firm
array,
To shield their sovereign from pursuit, and hold the
foe in play.

Resistless like the whirlwind fierce, swift like the lava
stream,
On came the shouting victors with lance and falchion's
gleam,
On came the exulting horsemen, and, with terror on
their mane,
On came the neighing chargers, and shook the tented
plain.

As pines upon the uplands stand the mighty tempest's
force,
Sternly breast the furious onset, while it raves around
them hoarse;
As their vantage keep the mountains, when the waves
with angry roar,
Rush against their rugged bases, madly charging o'er
and o'er;

So they stood, that band of heroes—none may their
high thoughts reveal—
When upon them in its fury burst that hurricane of steel.

Wildly pealed the war-cry swelling, and then plainly you could hear
'Gainst the shield the clash of sabre, and the clanging of the spear.

. . . . . .

The autumn moonbeam faintly fell o'er that stern battle-field,
Where shivered arms and ensigns lay, and dinted helm and shield;
And many a ghastly face upturned to heaven seemed still to pray—
Oh, awful is a battle-field, where death alone holds sway!

A MESSAGE.

Across the seas that separate
Matter from Spirit, speeds this token
That Love succumbeth not to fate,
Nor ever may by death be broken.

Speed, swiftly speed, thou wingèd thought!
O'er time's expanse an arrow darted—
Seek out the place the loved hath sought,
Who from the loving hath departed,

And tell him how they long to cross
The same dim, clouded, misty ocean,
To whom their ever-present loss
Makes life below a poisoned potion;

And oh! beseech him there to pray,
For sooner will the Saviour hear him,
That they in realms of endless day
May shortly meet, and aye be near Him.

Then shall their praise like incense rise!
Then shall their hearts no longer sorrow!
Then shall they feel with unsealed eyes
The night is spent, joy comes with morrow.

BY FAITH, NOT SIGHT.

One ray of light, one ray of light,
In mercy falling from the sapphire throne
Athwart the sullen gloom of night,
In which we wander cheerless, faint, and lone!

One echo, faint howe'er and far,
One echo from the hymn the ransomed raise,
To shoot down, like a falling star,
And lift our grovelling hearts to prayer and praise!

One glimpse of that angelic band
And countless multitude the prophet saw
In spirit lifted to the heavenly land,
That joy may mingle with unearthly awe!

Ah! foolish thought, for those who know
The precious words of Christ, 'Blessed are they
Who have not seen!' Lord, be it so;
We seek no glimpse, no echo, and no ray.

LINES.

God, who in times of old communion held
With prophets and with sages, and inspired
Their spirits to foresee in waking dreams
The shadowed semblance of reality;
Who from the Sacred Mount in thunders gave
The Law to Moses and the multitude;

Who walked with Abraham and at dead of night
Revealed His edict to young Samuel,
Speaks to us still if we but choose to listen.
The sky, the earth, the ocean's broad expanse,
The stars that burn, the seasons as they roll,
The blushing fruits, the flowers that deck the lawn,
The maiden rill that by the hamlet glides,
Have they not voices for the spirit's ear?
The wind that stirs, or the mad hurricane
That lasheth waves to fury and subsides,
The mountain-echo and the lonely tarn,
The twilight's glow that fills the earth and heaven,
Have they not voices for the spirit's ear?
Nor these alone, but Nature animate
Attests the *presence* of a living God.
How cunningly the swallow 'neath the eaves
Builds her small nest. Who guides the busy bee
From flower to flower?—who gives to butterflies
Their wings of light to skim the liquid air?
The song of birds, when morning paints the skies,
The stock-dove's coo at noontide's death-like calm,
The plash of fishes in the clear moonlight,
The cricket's chirp beside the blazing hearth,
The oft-seen faces of the friends we love,
The prattle of fair children in their play
(Those household angels sent from God above),
Have they not voices for the spirit's ear?

God speaketh now as in the days of yore
He spake to holy men, while Nature's book
His power, His wisdom, and His love reveals:
And had not sin deadened the sense of our
Ethereal substance, rendering it akin
To grosser clay, more should we surely hear.
In each event of life God speaks—from Him
Afflictions come and not by accident.

When stretched on bed of sickness or of pain,
'Tis He supports the sinking spirit—breathes
Words of comfort, and bids us to review
Our every thought and deed, and thus prepare
To meet Him 'face to face'—'tis He commands
Each noble impulse of the soul and cries
'Well done' to workers of His will. Of old
Our fathers had no higher privilege
Than we have now—God spake to them, God speaks
To us, and all things shall be well if we
Obey His voice, and patiently submit
To His decrees in faith, and hope and love.

TOIL.

A LYRIC FOR THE AGE.

No nobler brotherhood can bind
Man to man or mind to mind
Than the brotherhood of toil,
None can ever
That link sever—
Up and work, sons of the soil!

Toil, the strong cement that ties
Zealous souls, comes from the skies,
Ever conquering, ever sure,
On sea and land
Its trophies stand,
And from age to age endure.

Poets, statesmen, heroes, sages
In all countries, of all ages,
Lived anxious lives of toil and care:
What generous fire
Their names inspire,
Their noble works are everywhere!

Stately ships at anchor ride
On the river's swelling tide,
Like strong fortresses they stand:
O'er seas they go,
Though rough winds blow,
And bring rich goods from every land.

Mark the iron courser prancing
(While behind the smoke goes dancing),
Moving with a thundering jar;
So sound and strong,
With train so long,
Indra never had a car.

The message which upon its wings
From lands remote the lightning brings
The needle's quivering tongue explains:
The dark is clear,
The distant near,
We hear the clang on battle-plains.

Green spots of verdure meet the eye
Where sterile soil and brazen sky
Repelled the sight with stubborn glare;
The trowels ring,
On bare wastes spring
Schools, hospitals, and buildings fair.

Then loudly let Toil's anvil sound
If Toil such blessings scatter round,
And swiftly let his high wheels go:
Though none can guess
God's purposes,
In patience let each toil below.

SONNET.

The nameless mystic rite will soon begin,
  The air is heavy with the incense cloud,
  And as the Brahmin rises grave and proud,
Bursts forth at once the wild barbaric din
Of drum, and trump, and fife. Close pressed within
  That narrow court devoutly kneel the crowd
  Of worshippers, with heads to earth low bowed,
All bent the golden gates of heaven to win!
Oppressed with shame and grief I turned away,
  And sought the sunshine of the open sky,
Base slaves of foul idolatry are they,
  Who wilful thus their Maker dare deny,
And cringe to stock and stone and creeping thing,
False traitors to their rightful Lord and King.

SONNET.

I bent my steps to where the dewy dale
  Displayed its treasures to my raptured eye,
  All Nature smiled; blue was the summer sky,
And rich the perfume on the passing gale.
Though still o'er all is seen the Serpent's trail,
  O sunny earth, how fair art thou! thought I,
  I blame not them who think it hard to die,
And look behind—though others blame and rail.
They know not that in anguish and travail
  Thou groanest now, that there shall come a time
When all thy present loveliness shall pale
  Before the radiant beauty of thy prime,
Which thou wilt win again, for thou shalt be
Like God's own children fair, and freed from 'Vanity.'

SONNET.

THE SUNDERBUNS.

He that would wander amidst scenes sublime,
  Pierce glooms untrod, the haunts of solitude,
  To look at Nature in her awful mood,
Should bend his steps to this ungenial clime.
These forests that defy the hand of time,
  Where Silence, like a spirit, seems to brood,
  Where man's adventurous foot can ne'er intrude,
Terrific look at day's uncertain prime!
Dark sombre shadows on the brook are cast,
  The sluggish brook that murmurs deep below;
Their outlines undefined, portentous, vast,
  The solemn trees wave dimly to and fro;]
The fever-bearing wind that rushes past
  Sounds like a voice from Heaven denouncing woe!

DEVOTION.

Why fling'st thou, rose, thy dewy veil aside,
  When moonbeams fade and morning opes his eye?
  Why liftest thou thy 'cherished incense' high,
And blushest bashful like a timid bride?
Why wave ye, trees, your plume-like branches wide?
  Why, streams translucent, winding slowly by
  Your breasts reveal ye to the laughing sky,
And murmur pleasant sounds where blossoms hide?
Why pour ye, birds, the hymn-like rapturous lay,
  As ye float viewless amid clouds of flame,
And dip your plumage in the fitful ray?
I asked these questions at the dawn of day,
  And then methought a solemn answer came—
  'We offer praise to God—do thou the same.'

BRING ME WINE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF ARNDT.)

Bring me blood of generous grape,
Bring me wine;
And my soul its flight shall wing,
Like a joyous bird of spring,
By the wine!

Bring me ivy, bring me roses,
With the wine;
Wayward Fortune dark may frown,
All my troubles I shall drown
In the wine!

Bring me maidens kind and yielding,
With sweet wine;
I shall smell Love's sweetest flower,
Every second of an hour,
With the wine!

Bring me too,—they cannot fail me,—
With the wine,—
German hearts so true and strong,
Then shall rise our mighty song,
To the wine!

Bacchus, god of love, we pledge thee
In bright wine;
When thou comest flies despair,
And we get a heart to dare,
By the wine!

Bacchus, god of joys, we pledge thee
In red wine;
Ha! Already to my eye,
Sun, and moon, and stars dance by,
Magic wine!

But the dearest toast to whom,
In rich wine,
Should be given? Sweetest, best,
Let thy name a secret rest;—
Bring more wine!

A SIGH FOR WINTER.

Oh, when will winter come again
To bless my hearth and home,
That I once more on dew-decked lawns
With buoyant steps may roam,
And drink the cool fresh morning air,
And bask beneath the sunlight fair?

In northern climes the songs are few
That sound hoar winter's praise,
Yet there for aye he loves to dwell,
Mantled in silver haze;
To us his passing visits seem
As fleeting as a pleasant dream:

The day-god from his throne on high
Darts down his fiery beams,
And like a sheet of molten gold
The lake's still water gleams;
The foliage of the trees no more
Retains the glossy green it wore.

'Tis silence all, save when in gusts
The burning blast sweeps by,
And like a voice denouncing woe,
It sounds along the sky;
Oh, when will Winter in his train
Bring back health-giving winds again?

No clouds defile the azure arch
That spans the spacious earth,
The creatures of the fields no more
Run races in their mirth.
All—all retire;—the very snakes
Seek the cool shelter of the brakes.

Oh, when will winter come again
To bless my hearth and home,
That I once more on dew-decked lawns
With buoyant steps may roam,
And drink the cool fresh morning air,
And bask beneath the sunlight fair?

JOHN x. 14.

Green are Thy quiet pastures, Lord,
The waters clear and still,
Oh, thither lead Thy thirsty flock
By Zion's holy hill!

For there Thy Sun of Righteousness
Makes ever perfect day,
And clouds of sin and error fade
Before His searching ray.

No habitations made with hands
Uprear their columns high,
But all may rest beside the Rock
Or 'neath the glorious sky.

Eye hath not seen nor heart conceived
The beauty of the scene;
Unfading are the flowers that bloom
Amid those pastures green.

Drink of those streams and never more,
My soul! thou'lt thirst again;
Breathe but for once that ambient air
And banish fear and pain.

To those calm regions of the blest,
Good Shepherd, be my guide;
And all my weary journey through
Walk ever at my side.

THE KNIGHT.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF THEODORE KÖRNER.)

The knight must hasten to the bloody fight,
To strive for freedom, right, and fatherland,
But he would see once more his soul's delight,
Bid her adieu and kiss her lily hand.
'Oh, do not weep—thy sighs are vain!
Let this thy hope and comfort be,
That unto death I shall remain
True to my fatherland and thee.'

'Tis said, 'Farewell!' Back quickly doth he spring,
To join the faithful hearts who love him so,
Arrays them 'neath the standard of his king,
And proudly looks upon the advancing foe:
'I do not fear whate'er betide,
And though this field my grave should be,
Thou'lt know, my love, I nobly died,
True to my fatherland and thee.'

Oh! many a foeman 'neath his brand went down,
As on their serried lines he charged amain.
The battle's won—'twas his, the victor's crown,
But he lay dying ne'er to rise again:
'Flow, redly flow, my blood, this sword
Hath thee revenged victoriously;
I die, my love—I've kept my word,
True to my fatherland and thee!'.

SONNET.

'The wretch concentred all in self.'
SCOTT'S *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

Ah, how unblest in this fair world and wide
Is he whose thoughts are for himself alone!
Strangers to him his children, and unknown
The love of her who suffers by his side,
Unrecognised and spurned—her rights denied.
Dry as the desert, harder than the stone
His heart, where Hate has fixed his iron throne,
And reigns supreme with Envy close allied.
Oh, not for him the Sabbath peace of mind,
Domestic joys or friendship's sunny hours!
Oh, not for him affection's garland twined
By faith and hope with sweet celestial flowers!
Shunned by the sober, by the wronged reviled,
A harsh and moody man—unloved by wife or child.

SONNET.

See Cumming's 'Sabbath Readings on St. Mark,' pp. 194, 195.

And will He come e'en now, the Prince of Peace!
  And shall we see His glory and rejoice!
  And shall the angels with the trumpet's voice
Throughout the earth bid sin and sorrow cease!
They say that in the Holy Land each tree
  Bears richer fruits now golden-hued and rare,
  That sweeter fragrance scents the noontide air
Than ever charmed the waves of Galilee:
That unknown founts which long choked up had lain
  'Mid the wild ruins and the wastes of sand
Have sprung to glorious life and light again,
  As if they felt His advent to the land—
The land where once in lowly guise He came,
But where He'll reappear, a King in robes of flame.

SONNET.

To think on thee amid the cares of life,
  And when the din is loudest, for a space
  Forget all else to picture out thy face,
Angelic in its innocence, is rife
With a rare pleasure—pleasure greater far
  Than weary mariner's on the long-vexed main,
When through the parted clouds he sees the star
  That guides his course its crest uprear again!
But to enfold thee thus at close of even,
  And thus to feel these arms my neck enfolding,
  And thus on cheeks of nature's rarest moulding
Imprint a father's kisses—God of heaven!
  It makes my heart full: tremblingly I bless
  The Hand that showered on me such happiness.

SONNET.

The student overworked, who long hath bent
  His aching eyes upon the well-loved page
  Of ancient Roman or Athenian sage,
Alone in dimly-lighted study pent,
Receives a pleasure which his books ne'er lent,
  With all their powers to cheer him in his gloom
And make his brain spin round in wondermept,
  When for the open fields he leaves his room ;
A pleasure? say a rapture Heaven-bred !
  The sky, the brilliant stars, the bracing air,
The lights and shades on all the prospect spread,
  The calm ineffable that reigns everywhere,
Upon his soul their solemn influence shed,
  Like moonlight on a mountain scarred and bare.

SONG.

(FROM THE BENGALEE.)

Oh, never look on woman's eyes!
  heir serpent gaze will fascinate
And then betray thee: youth, be wise
  And fly their lustre ere too late;
Or shouldst thou linger, loth to part,
Oh, never, never trust her heart!

Oh, never list to woman's voice!
  There's flattery in its every tone
To make thy pulses throb, rejoice,
  And leave thee then to mourn alone;
But shouldst thou linger, loth to part,
Oh, never, never trust her heart!

Oh, never let thy bosom heave
  For woman's twin-born blush and smile!

The glittering smile will oft deceive,
The blush, alas! as oft beguile;
But shouldst thou linger, loth to part,
Oh, never, never trust her heart!

DIRGE.

Noiselessly, noiselessly
Tread the marble floor
Which with gladsome steps
She oft trod before.

Tenderly, tenderly
Close her dark eyes,
And grieve not the spirit
That's fled to the skies.

Heedfully, heedfully
Tie her loose hair,
And cross her white arms
As if in mute prayer.

Holily, holily
Gaze on the form
Which lies like a lily
Blown down by the storm.

Solemnly, solemnly
Bear her away,
And let the fair mould mix
With its kindred clay.

Mournfully, mournfully
Strew the soft sod,
And leave her alone
With Jesus and God.

SONNET.

Fair star of dawn!—when night and morning meet
In soft embrace to bid a fond adieu,
Thee, swimming on a lucid sea of blue,
With gladdened heart and bounding pulse I greet,
What time I sally from my lone retreat,
To breathe fresh air and tread the early dew.—
Art thou the same, that angel bright, who drew
The Eastern sages to Emanuel's feet?
Or art thou one of that transcendent choir,
Who wondering witnessed the primeval birth,
And hymned exultant with the harp and lyre,
With songs of joy to hail the new-born earth,
When 'all the sons of God' with shouts did raise
The lofty pæan to their Maker's praise?

SONNET.

When nought can please me, when my weary soul
Longs to be freed from its oppressive chain,
When the poor heart is racked with ceaseless pain,
And sleep flies far and owns no sweet control;
Oh, bring not then to me the mantling bowl,
Nor bid me hear the light and joyous strain:
Powerless these means to soothe the throbbing brain,
And chase the clouds which round me darkly roll.
But let me rather seek the solitude
Of my lone chamber, there with doors close barred,
Away from clamour and distractions rude,
Thank my dear Lord for all these trials hard;
For well I know He sends them for my good,
To purify my mind, and lift it heavenward.

LINES IN A BIBLE.

I sought for Fame—by day and night
I struggled, that my name might be
Emblazoned forth in types of light,
And wafted o'er the pathless sea.
But sunken cheek and vision dim
Were all I had from that vain whim.

I sought for Wealth—the lust of gold
Sucked my best feelings, seared my heart,
Destroyed those aspirations bold
That formed my nature's 'better part;'
And at the last, though seeming fair,
The prize I clutched was empty air.

I sought for Power—the loftiest steep
The topmost heights I strove to scale,
Nor dark abysses yawning deep
Around me could my courage quail.
But bolder ones, with swifter pace,
Outstript me in the eager race.

I sought for Love—his heavenly flame
Lit for a time my cheerless way,
But when it fled, my path became
More gloomy for the transient day.
Death spread above his sable pall,
And turned my fondest hopes to gall.

I sought for Health—the changeful girl,
The more I followed, farther fled;
Where the streamlet's billows curl,
And wild flowers burst, she hid her head.
I prayed her to return again,
But all my prayers were breathed in vain.

What shall I seek now?—all I sought,
Eluded, shunned, my nerveless grasp;
What shall I seek? O sinful thought,
While still this volume I can clasp!—
Ah! would that I had sought before
What it has whispered evermore.

SONNET.

BELGHURIA.

My country arbour by the river's bank—
A lovelier place ne'er kindled poet's fire!
Is hid completely from the day god's ire,
Guarded by lofty trees on either flank.
When rains descend, and fields around are dank,
From out-door scenes with pleasure I retire,
By open windows fresh'ning airs respire,
And idly gaze upon the verdure rank.
Each object which arrests my careless eye
Is food for thought; but chief the classic stream
Whose waveless surface mirrors bush and sky.
Nor want I home attractions; round me gleam
Sleek dimpled cheeks where Loves and Graces lie,
And glances brighter than the lunar beam.

CHARADE.

The bugle with its echoes shrill
Hath startled hamlet, vale, and hill,
The hunters' hearts with joy rebound,
The impatient coursers paw the ground—
Paw the ground, and snuff the gale,
Then thunder down the rugged dale.

With bristling tail and straining eyes
My First in wildest terror flies,
His lolling tongue and gasping side,
Whence trickles down the crimson tide,
His staggering feet and piercing cry
Reveal his fearful agony.

Close, close behind, the gallant train
Sweep proudly o'er the dewy plain;
Many a veteran bold is there,
Many a youth as prompt to dare,
But foremost rides a lady fair.

Her dark locks float upon her cheek,
And shade her ivory brow and neck;
Her open brow reveals her mind
Pure as the snow-flake, good, and kind;
Her ruby lips, that shame the rose,
In smiling, sets of pearls disclose;
No mortal she—a star, a gleam,
A wave beneath the lunar beam,
The fairy of a noontide dream!

Just as she reached a narrow lane,
She turned to mark the motley train;
Horse, and hound, and man draw near,
With many a shout and many a cheer.
'Now take thou this,' she laughing cried,
To one who galloped to her side—
'Now take thou this.' And as she said,
She flung my Second at his head,
In arch defiance—'Let us see
Who at the death the first can be.'

Then forward swift again she flew,
And vanished from his straining view.

Sir Harry plied his whip and spur,
And like a whirlwind followed her;
With foaming mouth and loosened rein,
With bloody flanks and streaming mane,
His gallant charger onward sped,
Nor recked he though its iron tread
Bruised and defaced and crushed my head.

SONNET.

How soft and silvery sounds the distant bell!
At this lone hour, beside this haunted stream,
Its music, like the music of a dream,
Lifts us from earth, as by some potent spell!
Now loud, then faint and fainter o'er the dell
It dies away. So Hope's delusive gleam,
Fair at the outset, in the morning beam
Of life, dies out ere evening. Canst thou tell
What hopes were ours, O loved one! when we met
Some autumns back, and on this spot, by night?
I think upon them, and mine eyes are wet;
A thousand recollections, soft and bright,
Start up like stars upon a summer eve—
Love! there's a cockroach running up your sleeve.

THE RAKHI.

Wear, wear this fillet round thy arm,
Thou brave and noble knight,
Thy gallant war-horse paws the ground,
Impatient for the fight.

A sister's love for thee hath wrought
This silken tie so fair,
That thou protected by the gods
The deadly fray may'st share.

Thy flashing eyes full plainly tell
Thou'lt not disgrace the band,
If e'er the impetuous tide of war
Roll where thy loved ones stand.

And sheath not, knight, thy gleaming blade,
Till routed is the foe;
And as the chaff before the wind,
Before thy ranks they go.

And when by glorious Victory crowned
Thou tread'st the bloody field,
Spare, by my tears, the wounded foe;
Be thou their help and shield.

But hark! the tocsin's quivering peal
Bursts on my ear from far—
Mount, mount thy steed that proudly neighs
To join the ranks of war.

1 *JOHN* IV. 16.

The glowing sun and planets pale
That through the trackless ether move,
Where'er they shine, with silent voice
Tell wondering millions—God is Love.

The varying seasons sing of God,
Dark clouds proclaim Him from above;
The wintry frost, the summer heat
Alike declare that God is Love.

The air we breathe—our onward lives,
Our varied blessings surely prove,
There is a heart that yearns for man,
There is a God whose name is Love.

The open lawn—the flowering woods,
Where oft at eve I love to rove,
In softest language, seem to say
To my sad spirit—God is Love.

The waving palms that shade the stream,
The sweet-voiced warblers of the grove,
Raise choral songs in unison
With Nature's echo—God is Love.

And thou blest Cross of Calvary,
Stained with His blood whose Life was Love,
The glorious tidings bring'st to all,
'Believe and live, for God is Love.'

EVENING.

The setting sun with molten gold
No longer gilds the landscape grey,
And like a mystic flag unrolled,
The skies their myriad stars display—
Those stars that shine as brightly still,
As when they sprang at His high will.

And now the mistress of the night,
In cloudless splendour o'er the scene,
Unveils her mellow peerless light,
And glides majestic as a queen;
And hill, and plain, and lake, and isle
Revive beneath her magic smile.

How faintly toll the bells afar,
As if they mourned the death of day!
I love their music, for they are
Remembrances that on the way,
The care-strewn way, of life arrest
Our thoughts, and teach us to be blest.

It is a sweet but solemn hour,
  An hour for pensive thoughts and dreams,
When by some strange mysterious power,
  The past comes back and present seems;
Heaven bless it! for to me it brings
The loved and lost upon its wings.

STANZAS.

Why did I ever meet thee, why
  When life was young and gay,
Came I and knelt before thy shrine,
  In vain to weep and pray?

I felt the magic of thy smile,
  The witchery of thine eye,
And stopt, spell-bound—ah, woe is me!—
  Though Reason bade me fly.

Oh! Reason's voice is lost on love;
  Alas, that such should be!
When passions wild blot from the heart
  Its thoughts so pure and free.

Could I but look upon thy face,
  And feel thy honied breath!
But no, to think of thee is sin,
  To look upon thee, death.

For, oh! another claims thee now,
  Thy place is by his side;
For ever must my lonely heart
  Remain a desert wide.

And I must try—O painful task!—
To chase love's heavenly dream,
Which cast around me for a while
A bright but transient gleam.

But I will quit the haunts of men,
And fly far, far away,
And when the shades of night shall fall,
To hide the light of day;

And when in sympathy, the stars,
Angels, on me shall shine,
With bended knee I'll lift my heart,
And pray for thee and thine!

THE FLOWER AND THE CLOUD.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF LACHAMBAUDI.)

A flower, expiring with the summer's heat,
Languid and drooping in the sultry glade,
A cloud espied from his lone retreat,
And thus to him in tender accents prayed;

'O thou! who speedest through immensity,
Borne on the north wind's never-tiring wing,
Shower blessings on me, and my stalk shall be
Renewed and verdant as in early spring.'

'I'll think of it,' the cloud replied, 'but now
I have some other duties to fulfil;
Wait my return, and on thy parched brow,
I'll drop the balm new life that will instil.'

It swept along; of hope bereft, the flower
Low bow'd her head, ah, ne'er to lift again!
The cloud too late returned; alas! his shower,
Cool and life-giving, was poured down in vain.

'Tis ever thus, in this rude world of ours,
Coldly we turn from those who weep and pray,
Nor spend a thought on them, till like the flowers
'Neath summer's heat, they droop and pine away.

Then when we learn those sufferers have been freed
From galling chain which held them here in thrall,
We deck their tombs, we weep that they are dead—
Alas! No tears can ever them recall!

SONNET.

How fraught with hope upon the desert bare,
To the lone pilgrim's eyes the palm-trees stand!
He sees them, and forgets the burning sand
Beneath his feet, the noonday sun's fierce glare,
And hastens on, for life and rest are there—
Where the clear spring, as if by magic wand,
Wells out, a blessing midst the fevered land,
An oasis in the desert—Oh, how fair!
So may we find upon our pathway placed
Such spots inviting to refreshing rest,
As on we journey through this dreary waste,
Bound for those glorious mansions of the blest.
May each pure Christian heart and homestead be
An oasis for those toil-worn and faint like me

FAREWELL.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF DELAVIGNE.)

With sails unfurl'd, the bonny bark
  Turns from my native shore,
The breeze is fresh, no clouds o'erspread
  Heaven's deep cerulean floor.
O Mary Mother, pray for us,
  To thee our anthems swell;
Land of my birth, a long adieu,
  Sweet Provence, fare thee well!

My father oft will think of me,
  My mother's cheek grow pale,
When loud at night the thunder growls,
  And furious sweeps the gale.
O Mary Mother, pray for us,
  To thee our anthems swell;
My native land, a long adieu,
  My mother, fare thee well!

The dear old nurse who dandled me,
  And bless'd me when I came,
Will weep and wring her hands for grief
  And call upon my name.
O Mary Mother, pray for us,
  To thee our anthems swell;
My native land, a long adieu,
  Dear nurse, a sad farewell!

My gentle sister, she will dream,
  That I shall safe return,
And she will comfort those whose hearts
  For me so fondly yearn.

O Mary Mother, pray for us,
To thee our anthems swell;
My native land, a long adieu,
Sweet sister, fare thee well!

And thou, Isaure, my love, for me
Will tears bedim thine eye?
I see the flutter of thy scarf,
Which wafts a sad good-bye.
O Mary Mother, pray for us,
To thee our anthems swell;
My native land a long adieu,
Isaure, my bride, farewell!

O cruel, cruel, breeze be still,
I pray thee blow no more,
How can I leave the hearts that grieve
For me on yonder shore?
O Mary Mother, pray for us,
To thee our anthems swell;
My native land, a long adieu,
And happiness, farewell!

CHARADE.

To the barrack gates the courier,
In fury gallops down,
With streaming hair and blood-shot eyes,
'To arms! to arms!' he wildly cries,
'My Second fires the town!'

At once the drums sound sharp and clear,
The trumpets hoarsely bray,
And with a stunning cheer and shout,
The ready troops march promptly out,
All eager for the fray.

But where's the foe?—they only find,
My First palavering grand,
Who urged the crowd, and fiercely spoke,
To free from hateful Saxon yoke,
Their Erin's honoured land.

He cursed the troops, his cudgel shook,
And boldly towards them strode,
But they enclosed him darkly round,
And, struggling, bore him to the ground,
And marched him off to 'quod.'

His trial came: to foreign shores,
They sent him o'er the sea;
But honoured as my Whole, his name
Is dear to Irish hearts, his fame
Will live among the free!

CARE.

Ah! who is free from care? The child,
Amid his idle play,
Will weep if from its golden cage
His bird flies far away.
With what a heavy heart he'll gaze
Upon a broken toy!
A frown upon his mother's brow
Will change to grief his joy.
Such little trifling things as these
His sparkling eyes will dim:
A bird escaped, a broken toy,
Are cares enough for him.

The youth whose path is 'mong the flowers,
Whose step is light and gay,
Will smile to see the hues which deck
The morning of his day;
And he will strive with beating heart
To win the laurel crown,
To have his name enroll'd among
The names of high renown.
But if those flowers decay and fade,
In hope's bright coronal,
What pangs will rend his youthful heart!
What bitter tears will fall!

Oh! manhood's cares are manifold
And legion is their name:
The statesman at the helm of state,
Who treads the path of fame,
The warrior in his pride of power,
Kings in their rich abode,
The poet in his humble home,
All bear the weary load.
Care chafes them, like a shadow grim,
It follows them about,
Nor palace gate, nor cottage door,
Can shut the intruder out.

And Age, with winter on his brow,
All rugged, scarr'd, and bare,
Bends lower still beneath the weight,
The cumbrous weight of care—
Remorse for youth's bright hours mis-spent,
Fear for that awful day,
When death will bid his trembling soul
To quit its house of clay.

Cares such as these above his head,
Their pinions darkly wave;
He thinks this world's a vale of woe,
A peaceful home the grave.

Is none then free from care? Behold
Yon cottage green and small!
The sunlight like a glory gleams
Upon its ivied wall.
The dove, meek messenger of Hope,
Builds 'neath the eaves her nest:
Oh, there the spirit sweet of peace,
With folded wings doth rest,
And from within, like incense smoke,
Ascends the humble prayer—
A blessing on that lowly home,
The man of God dwells there!

No shadows compass him around,
No clouds his path obscure,
Like a deep stream his days glide on,
Calm, equable, and pure.
Care darkens not *his* placid brow,
Since grace to him is given,
Through his brief sojourn here on earth,
To fix his hopes on heaven,
And wait till death before his eyes
Unveils eternity—
Oh, *he* alone, of all mankind,
From care is surely free!

TWILIGHT MUSING.

'Tis the holy calm of twilight—
From the faintly-purple west,
To his chambers 'neath the ocean,
The sun retires to rest;
And the shadows chase each other,
O'er the lofty trees,
And mystic sounds are borne upon
The fitful evening breeze.

Sitting with my eyes half closèd,
With my head upon my hand,
Musing of the days long vanish'd,
Dreaming of that unknown land,
Where the lov'd and lost are happy,
Who with us are found no more,
Who have thrown aside the burden,
Which with pain on earth they bore,

Fancy conjures up before me
Faces of the early dead,
With the spirit-gleam upon them,
And a halo round each head;
And their presence wakes no terror
In my strangely yearning breast,
And their joyous smiles give promise
Of eternal peace and rest.

And I pray them not to leave me,
Thus bereft of them, alone,
But I start to find them vanish'd—
'Tis a vision come and gone!

Coldly shines the moon, and round her
Clouds their banners have unfurled,
Heavy fall the dews and softly,
Like a garment on the world.

SONG OF THE SOUTH WIND.

I come, I come, from the trackless sea,
Long have ye watched and grieved for me ;
Long has the sick in silence pined
On the weary couch of pain reclined ;
Long has the fainting labourer prayed
For my cooling breath and evening's shade ;
And drooping 'neath the fervid ray,
The weary child has left his play.
I come, I come,—with me I bring
Life, health, and vigour on my wing ;
I come,—restored and strengthened now
The sick will lift his throbbing brow ;
The labourer now will lie at ease
Beneath his favourite chestnut trees ;
And children's laughter on the plain
Will ring like silver bells again.
From isles beyond the torrid zone,
From seas remote, and climes unknown,
I've sped on pinions swift to bless
This land with health and happiness.

I have swept o'er Afric's sands,
Where the giant Atlas stands ;
Where the lion in its pride
Ranges free the desert wide ;
Where, amid the dreary waste,
Speeds the ostrich wild with haste ;

And where Death and Silence brood
O'er the awful solitude.
I have seen the camel train
Plodding o'er the parchèd plain ;
I have seen them kneel : their prayer
Rose upon the evening air.
Ah ! in prime of life they fell,
None was left the tale to tell !
By the Bedouin's brand they died,
Unavenged and unespied.
Lowly is their desert grave,
Sullen there the simooms rave ;
Soft I breathed a mournful sigh
As I swiftly passed them by.

I have been to those spice isles
Where the sky for ever smiles ;
Where the sun gleams brightly on
White wings of the silver swan,
And the gorgeous birds display
Varied plumage rich and gay.
I have seen famed India, where
Myrrh and sandal scent the air,
And the mountains clothed in light
Burst upon the raptured sight ;
Where the fields of waving corn,
Smiling in the light of morn,
Nodded welcome as I went
Through the azure firmament.
I have seen those fair domains
Where the Persian Caliph reigns,
Where the gardens and the bowers
Teem with countless fragrant flowers ;
Where are girls with languid eyes,
Fair as those in Paradise.

Many a poet too I've seen
In those lands where I have been,
Looking southward, listening
For the flapping of my wing;
Came I, whispered in their ear
Tales which poets love to hear.
On my pinions free were borne
Clang of sword and sound of horn;
Softly-whispered lovers' vows,
Breathed beneath the twilight boughs,
And the plaintive serenade
To the dark-eyed Indian maid.
Tranced in dreams the poets' lay,
Till the night succeeded day;
Till the dew fell fast and chill,
And the stars paled o'er the hill.
Wrapt in visions sweet, sublime,
Recked they not the lapse of time.
Thought I, as I swept along,
They will praise me in their song!

O! I've travelled everywhere,
Through the boundless realms of air;
Perfumes I have brought away
From the fields of far Cathay.
On my passage you may hear
Songs of birds and streamlets clear,
Murmur hoarse of lakes and seas,
Whisper of the forest trees,
And a thousand other strains
From the waters and the plains.
O, a glorious life I lead!
Swifter than the light my speed:
Boisterous wave, or mountain height,
Cannot bar my viewless flight.

I am happy, I am free,
For, where'er I hap to be,
Drooping eyes with joy grow bright,
And they greet me with delight,
As the messenger of love,
As an angel from above!

THE MUSIC STRAIN.

It was a town in Germany,
  Where a fair-haired lad was lying,
Sole scion of a noble tree,
  Pale, feeble, helpless, dying.

No mother had he; but the love
  The gentler parent bore him,
She left the father, when above
  Her spirit went before him.

Mother and father—both in one,
  For double love—a double sorrow!
Playmate, and friend, and only son,
  Whence may he comfort borrow?

Christ's servant—yet he scarce finds balm!
  Oh, heart, that thou wert broken!
No words were said, but palm pressed palm,
  And eye gave eye the token,—

The token, that in either heart
  The flame of love burned clearer,
As closer came the time to part,
  And Death drew near and nearer.

A tramp of men that hurried ride!
The pastor sudden starteth—
A death-bed summons to divide
The bread that life imparteth!

He cannot go—he must not stay,
Till in the boy's eye brightened
He read a wish to haste away;
That glance his pathway lightened.

Ah me! there gleamed a hectic streak,
More beautiful than beauty!
As the father kissed the wasted cheek,
And sallied forth on duty.

The moon that glances on the rill,
The stars—all faintly burning—
Beheld the pastor, on the hill,
Back to his home returning.

When, hark! a glorious music strain!
He looks in awe around him:
Again it comes, and yet again:
He stands—a spell hath bound him.

Whence comes it? Faint at first, and far,
Like tiny brook out-welling,
Then echoed back from star to star,
Clearer and loftier swelling.

Sudden he knows it: angels bear
The boy unto his Maker,
The glories of His throne to share
In Christ—a blest partaker.

A nótice (will he call?) of loss
God vouchsafes to His servant,
That he might learn to bear his cross,
Hope, pray, and love more fervent.

And so it was. When home he sped,
The calm face, joyless never,
Was smiling; but the soul had fled
To peace and rest for ever.

LINES.

SUGGESTED BY SOME VERSES BY AN ANONYMOUS AMERICAN POET.

Oh, wherefore in the bride's bright eye
Are tear-drops seen to start,
And wherefore heaves her bosom high,
As grief were in her heart?

While friends and kindred round her stand,
While peals the marriage bell,
And while her lover claims her hand,
What may these tokens tell?

Is it distrust, or is it doubt,
Or is it hope's unrest,
That makes the diamond drops flow out,
And agitates her breast?

It is not doubt, it is not fear,
Nor is it hope's unrest;
For doubt by love is conquered here,
And hope fulfilled is blest.

It is that she must leave the home,
The friends of early youth,
She'll miss it wheresoe'er she roam,
And them with all their truth.

It is that she her sire must leave,
Her mother dearer still;
Then blame her not, but let her grieve,
And let her weep her fill.

The heart that undisturbed could tear
These sweet and sacred ties,
Were but a rock, as cold and bare,
And void of sympathies.

And real love could never spring
In such a place of blight,
'Twould wither like a hopeless thing,
Before it saw the light.

CHARADE.

My First.

When Winter in her icy train,
Brings piercing winds and chilling rain;
When all is desolate and bare,
Darkening the frozen silent air,
I come, and spread my mantle bright
O'er level sward and upland height,
And hedge, and tree, and roof array
With fairy wreaths and garlands gay.
Where high the cloud-capped mountains gleam,
And sluggish rolls the ice-bound stream,
Where whirls the north wind, fierce and free,
Adown the glen, there seek for me.

My Second.

Seek for me when the Summer rain
Bedews with tears the parchèd plain,

When gaily smiles the April morn,
From blushing flower and budding thorn,
From blades of grass, and hedgerows green,
I hang like diamond bright and sheen.
When Sorrow darkens Beauty's eyes,
When for her babe the mother sighs,
When nought can cheer them, nought can please,
I come, their bursting hearts to ease.
On shower-gemmed grass, and flower, and tree,
In woman's eyes, O seek for me!

My All.

And me, when blustering north winds play,
O'er meadows bare and mountains grey,
You'll find in the lone, whitened vale,
With drooping eyes and forehead pale,
Like a fair nun, retired, demure,
Drest in a robe unstained and pure.
O, maiden! should'st thou wish to wear
My blossoms in thy raven hair,
Rise when the sun with locks of light
Bursts from the prison bonds of Night;
Flit o'er the snow-enshrouded lea
To some cold nook: there seek for me.

SONG.

(FROM THE PERSIAN OF MIRZA SCHAFFY.)

The swift gazelle hath melting eyes, a slender shape the pine;
What are they to those glorious orbs, that graceful form of thine?
What are wind-wafted odours from Shiraz's blooming vales,
Compared with that rich fragrance thy balmy breath exhales?

O, what are all the tender songs by gentle Hafiz sung,
To the silver accents of thy words, the music of thy tongue?
What is the chalice of the rose, from which the Bulbul sips,
Compared with thy soft rosebud mouth, thy dainty, coral lips?

What is the sun, and what the moon, and what each glistening star?
Admiringly they gaze on thee from yon blue vault afar.
And what am I, what is my heart, my lyre, and loving lay,
But slaves, thy glory to adore, and praise thee day by day?

SONNET.

Not for vain pelf, nor yet for public praise,
For beauty's favour, or the smile of power,
But to beguile at times the weary hour,
To ease the labour of life's toilsome ways,
I've wrought and framed these rude unpolished lays.
I do not aim to climb Fame's lofty tower,
Nor can I boast of that transcendent dower,
Vouchsafed to them whose brows are crowned with bays.
But I have been, and I shall ever be
A true adorer of that glorious throng,
That bright array of spirits proud and free,
To whom the heaven and all its joys belong,
Who, on the 'viewless wings of poesy,'
Have poured—ah! not in vain—a mighty tide of song.

APPENDIX.

A COUNTER-MEDITATION.

ON READING THE VERSES ENTITLED 'CARL AUGUSTE AUBERLEN,' BY A FRIEND.

O heathen lands, in ye alone
Such miracles of faith are seen,
In happier regions all unknown
Where hope and love accepted reign.

What though the fruit be rich and fair,
'Tis *autumn* where its clusters glow;
Shall we despise the blossom rare
That opes its bud 'mid *winter's* snow?

What though the daylight peerless shine,
Revealing all things near and far,
Shall we who watch by night repine,
We who behold the morning star?

God made the dark, the singer saith,
Wherein the beasts look up and roar,
And night to night it rendereth
His awful praise for evermore.

And death, astonished, tribute brought,
And foul corruption praises gave,
The fetid tomb his power taught
When shrouded Lazarus left the grave.

O winter drear, and hard and long,
O night most dark, most cold, most sad,
O grave of horrors deep and strong,
From ye I woke when Jesus bade.

And if the bud be not the grain,
And if the star be not the sun,
And if the shroud my feet restrain,
So be it Lord, *Thy* will is done.

In me Thy glory stands confest,
Thy matchless love and power divine,
In this, O Lord, content I rest,
Since less and greater both are Thine.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

00046933

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 25 June, 2016